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## A Programme for Pacifists

At this moment pacifism is bankrupt.

Not only have all its efforts to stop the war in Europe failed; they have failed even more signally to prevent the United States from entering the war. It may be true that the failure is due to the selfishness, blood-lust, and stupidity of those engaged in war, but it is even more true that pacifism is itself not without a share in the responsibility for failure. It has been guilty of the greatest sin of any endeavor—the sin of unintelligence. Intelligence would have required effective union for the most thoroughgoing application of all pacifist force, but pacifists have been scattered in unrelated and uncoordinated societies, devoted to no particular ends. Intelligence would have required foresight as to the probable course of events, and a careful plan of action toward a given end in the light of this foresight, but pacifism has lived from day to day and from hand to mouth. Intelligence would have required a radical and thoroughgoing understanding of the causes of war, and an effort to extirpate them, but pacifism has devoted itself to the removal of symptoms. Concretely, the ineffectuality of pacifism consists in the multiplicity and overlapping of organizations and purposes, the substitution of sentimentality and exhortation for intelligence and directive action, the irrelevance of pacifist activities to the governing forces in the institutions they are trying to modify. These have shown themselves sometimes as a confusion of means with ends, sometimes as a complete absence of the realization of means, and always as the lack of a fundamental study of the motives which pacifism seeks to liberate and those it seeks to redirect.

I am myself a pacifist. I am clear that war is as avoidable as it is undesirable. But I am clear also that pacifism will never succeed in abolishing war by the methods that have been and still are in vogue. For this reason I have found it impossible to align myself actively with any pacifist organization. Now that the immediate purposes of pacifism have failed,

and the alternative is either silence or a searching of the heart, it seems to me that the opportunity for a searching of the pacifist heart should not be neglected, that the time has come to take account of stock, and—perhaps—to begin operations anew. For nobody can deny the validity of the pacifist goal. It is the pacifist means that is discredited, and the most pressing need is the discovery of means—means most effective toward the attainment of that goal.

The first and fundamental change for pacifism to undertake is a change in the character of organization. The war against war cannot be conducted anarchically any more than any other war. Unity, discipline, the execution of a plan are as essential to the achievement of permanent peace as to the conduct of war. Pacifist organizations must be integrated, and separate and specific tasks assigned to the constituent groups. Perhaps the first thing to do is to realize what the organization must avoid doing. It must avoid trying to stop this war. We are in, even as Europe is in, and until the issues are fought out to a finish the possibility of anything like *permanent* peace is out of the question. Stopping the war now would only mean beginning to prepare for the next one. It is more fundamental to insist that the war shall be fought out to the end that permanent peace shall be secured. And it is of paramount importance to keep the character and conditions of this end constantly before the public mind, never to allow the country or the world to forget that we are sending our youngest and best into battle, that their children and their children's children shall never again need to go.

The conditions for the realization of such an end are democracy and spontaneity within the states, and a court of justice with adequate police powers above the states. Peace can be surer when the selfishness of dynasties, the illusions of sects, the greed of capitalism are deprived of their power to work secretly and to command men without accountability; but it can acquire permanence only if those war-released instincts and energies of men which the drab and hard life of our industrial civilization suppresses can be provided with adequate channels for creative action, other than war. It is for the pacifist to endeavor that the organization of the state for the conduct of war shall at the same time be an

organization for the security of peace; to seek the democratization of industry, the education and enfranchisement of labor, and the regulation of capital. The pacifist should consider with alarm the fact that leaders of organized labor have used their great power to discourage strikes during the period of war, while the government has had to declare its forceful refusal to pay capital more than a just profit. The pacifist should seek to influence both capital and labor toward a coöperative and profit-sharing reorganization of industry, in which the efforts of men will be those of a team playing a game, and not of a team drawing a load at the crack of a whip.

For this reason the pacifist should not oppose conscription. Conscription is just and "democratic" in that it puts equal liabilities upon all men, but the pacifist must insist that the conscription shall apply not only to the military endeavor of the nation, but to the more fundamental endeavors without which the military are impotent. Service in any army, no matter how "democratic," cannot but make for servility. It is a special service, unrelated to the needs of the daily life in peace times, and leads to no unity of sentiment concerning the conduct of life through a participation in the common *indispensable* activities of daily living. Universal service in those activities—in the fields where grain is grown, in the mines where coal is dug, in the uncharted lands where roads are built, in the factories where clothing is made—can bring the classes of society together through participation in the common necessary experiences of civilized men. The pacifist should insist that conscription should mean this kind of service, and should mean it always—and for women no less than for men.

And in matters of the relation between the state and its allies, the pacifist should urge "pitiless publicity." Publicity mobilizes public opinion, is the force of "democratic control." It implies, most of all, that opposition and difference of opinion shall not be and may not be muzzled. The experiences of all peoples at war show that the unification of purpose, the centralization of effort, and the necessary devotion to the conduct of war tend to develop narrowness of outlook and intolerance of differences. In England, the liberties of the people have been abrogated, free speech suspended; and there is no assurance, *de facto*, that the end of the war will

see them restored. These are safeguards of peace, and already in this country, since the declaration of a state of war, noted scholars have been dismissed from their posts because of their independence of thought, and many men and women have been made the victims of official persecution for uttering their differences of opinion. The pacifist must set himself the task of guarding these liberties, for they are the foundations of peace and the conditions of successful effort in war.

With the propagation of these essentials within the state, and of the programme of the League to Enforce Peace for the establishment of a free yet effective basis for the conservation of peace between states, pacifism can serve its end best. Students of history who appreciate the character and force of human nature are well aware that the best and least restrictive harnessings of impulse cannot prevent the recurrence of disputes tending

naturally to develop into warfare. To prevent an appeal to force itself requires force, and the difference between a policeman and a bandit lies merely in the social sanction which sustains the force of the one and condemns that of the other. Both may compel peace, but only the policeman can do so permanently and responsibly. The programme of the League to Enforce Peace should therefore be adopted by all persons, private or corporate, that really want peace to endure.

By defending liberty against the menace of over-organization, by seeking to establish economic even more than political democracy within states, and both as between states, by expounding and urging the organization of an international court with effective police power, an integrated and organized pacifism may work to some purpose and redeem itself from the shame into which it has fallen.

H. M. KALLEN.

## *The Senility of the Short-Story*

When one says that the short-story is on its last legs one may well appear to be courting the reputation of a voice in the wilderness to the point of perversity and absurdity. Everywhere, it would seem, such a prophecy must be confounded by the flaring covers on the news-stands. Yet it is precisely because the short-story was never more widely current that it begins to show the surest signs of degeneration. I do not say this because the short-story ministers to the mob. That might have been to its credit. I say it because the short-story ministers to the mob in its most capricious and hedonistic mood, and because the short-story is now produced by "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

The history of literature is, from one point of view, the history of the slow decay of *genres* when they have passed from the masters to the mob of servile imitators who have the receipt without the inspiration. I do not mean to imply that these *genres* sink down in eternal ruin. They simply lie fallow. Some master, in an age that has forgotten "the mob of gentlemen," regenerates the form. But all *genres*, particularly those of a highly wrought technique, must lie fallow for a time after small men have toyed with some great formal innovation of a master. Pope's satires, with their astonish-

ing finish but obvious mannerisms, were subjected to an unjust depreciation, from which even now they have not altogether recovered, because the middle decades of the eighteenth century were sated by the shrill voices of his clever imitators, who had the receipt but not the inspiration. Tennyson developed a marvellously rich but a peculiarly self-conscious blank-verse. Open Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," and read at random among the scores of perfectly proper and cloying Tennysonians. Then you will see why the master complained that

Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

Most of the exaggerated depreciation of Tennyson to-day is but the result of the self-indulgence of the Tennysonians. It is a story of endless variations and analogues. Never, after his callow years, did Byron stoop to Byronism; but his followers seldom rose above it. So Thackeray and Carlyle, moved to ill-temper over the din of little voices, sneered and fulminated at Byron.

Now there never was a form or *genre* that had a more highly wrought technique than the



short-story. Its chief masters, men like Poe and de Maupassant, are really virtuosi more than artists. Its technique is so much less difficult than that of the essay that high-school teachers find it facile material for their students. Nothing is more insidiously easy in America to-day than to become a popular teacher with the short-story as your medium. It is so much easier to write than the essay and so much more obviously attractive that hundreds of grub-streeters supply an artificially stimulated demand, obtuse undergraduate students of composition plunge their teachers into a premature literary dyspepsia, hundreds of languid and day-dreaming women make it possible for quack teachers to earn with private classes a plausible semblance of an honest living.

But the demand for the short-story is, I repeat, an artificially stimulated demand. We do not want the short-story—we *think* we want it. In our healthier moments we condemn our modern speed mania. In our healthier moments we desire the literature of cool reflection. The very technique of the short-story is pathological, and titillates our nerves in our pathological moments. The short-story is the blood kinsman of the quick-lunch, the vaudeville, and the joy-ride. It is the supreme art-form of those who believe in the philosophy of quick-results. Why is its technique pathological? In the first place, its unity is abnormally artificial and intense. Turn even to the high-water mark of the short-story, Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." Every group of vowel sounds, every word-connotation, every descriptive and narrative atom is concentrated on that *crescendo* of nameless fear that makes the story seizing. It is well that we have had masters to do this for us. But is it well that we should gorge ourselves on a *genre* in which unity has become an obsession? Consider also the popular habit of truncating the short-story violently at the climax. Seldom are we healed by a *dénouement* in which we may find a *katharsis*,—in which we are allowed to realize that terror and pity or inextinguishable laughter have purged our souls. Consider, thirdly, the rapid action of the short-story. Life is made to whirl by, as we read, like the walls of a subway. Yet reality shows us that only at rare moments, even in the twentieth century, do men live like this. What, we might like to ask, is the

significance of the lives of these puppets who are swept by us with frenzied haste? Ah, but this is an irrelevant question. The incessant readers of the short-story are sufferers from that same nervous irritability which marks alike the capitalist and the labor-agitator when they cry, "For Gawd's sake let's *do* something."

Tell an undergraduate or his father, the tired business man, that because the short-story is popular it is doomed. Say that the technique is pathological whether the content be tragic, morbid, comic, or sentimental. Warn your hearer that the short-story is the patent-medicine of contemporary art, which serves but to make the disorders of the age more deep-seated while it brings its factitious recreation. Point out that it is the literature not of healthy exhilaration but of feverish excitement. You are pretty sure to cause a smile—if your auditor happens to have a shred of the rare virtue of patience. You will become noted as a literary soap-boxer. It is so easy, in an age of drift, to seize upon fashions that pass in the night as eternal verities. But he who has any literary perspective at all will remember the time not long past when the public insisted on the leisurely "three-decker" novel whose demise Mr. Kipling celebrated with his characteristic superficiality,—the novel that threw its light into every cranny of human character, that paused again and again to reflect upon life genially or wistfully or acridly. The student of literature will remember that half a century before the "three-decker," Robert Southey, an excellent prose-writer and a lover of mellow prose, poured out reams of perfunctory verse because the public had an inordinate appetite for rather sentimental narrative poems of huge dimensions about an oriental Thalaba the Destroyer or a Roderick, the Last of the Goths. Let the provincial reader who thinks the nervous quick-step of modern journalistic prose the only manner that could ever have been widely popular open De Quincey's essay on style. There he will find to his amazement a man who himself wrote plesiosaurian sentences protesting against a public and a corps of popular journalists who doted on periodic sentences that uncoiled their enormous proportions like boa constrictors.

Seldom has the short-story, even in its prime in the last half of the nineteenth century, attained to high seriousness. And



to-day there are few of its practitioners, whether their content be healthy or unhealthy, gay or sad, whose attitude toward life is not more or less vitiated by some tinge of the triviality, the egocentric mania, the commercialism, or the mere virtuosity that contaminate all petty or casual artists. The depths of our age, beneath a phantom surface of intermittent and delirious gaiety, cry out for a deeper art. There never was an age that was really in more deadly earnest, never an age more full of unorganized religious zeal. The international agony, the national bewilderments, the fearful social injustices, the heart-beat of our epical life—these can neither be described nor interpreted by the trivial and the hasty. The short-story is but a more delicate manifestation of that universal fever that has bankrupted mankind, and from which our deepest instincts of self-preservation urge us with tremendous pressure to arouse ourselves. From the depths, the most naïve and the most sophisticated of our readers yearn for new prophets like Carlyle and Ruskin, who came too soon. We would turn gladly from the prettily suggestive to the earnestly and beautifully explicit. We would be relieved to give up the contemplation of morbidly perfected miniatures for impetuous Rubens-like panorama with large perspectives. If a great artist would take subjects like "Poverty," "Immigration," "Violence and the Labor Movement," and treat them with thoroughness and eloquence in a form compounded of historical narrative and reflective essay, if he could unite in himself the dialectic of metaphysics with its concern over fundamental principles, the sense of the picturesque tempered by a sense of moral horror, an Emersonian or, better, a Fichtean fervor to edify, he would express the aspiration of the world to-day,—he would be our supreme artist. How passionately the public desires such an art is shown by the wide sale of books that approach this ideal in content and in form. We may attach, too, something more than a sinister significance to the public craving for the pseudo-propagandist American drama which traffics insincerely with social questions. The audiences which crowd the theatres may be prurient, yet their impulses can be readily sublimated by an art equally vivid, but more sober and more reflective. Such an art is sure to come. When such a deeply popular longing is so widespread, the

artist already lies in the womb of the community. For the supreme artist is not one who concerns himself with "originality," at least not self-consciously. The self-conscious search for originality leads only to the rococo and the morbid. The great artist is so moved with a conviction that is extra-individual, the conviction of his community in its most spacious moods, in its most magnificent hopes, that he loses himself in these to save himself.

Whatever may be the content of the short-story, its technique has grown more and more self-conscious. And self-consciousness is the mortal foe of true originality. We may take comfort in the very fact that the short-story teems to-day on our news-stands. This is sure evidence of its garrulous senility. And the senility of the short-story augurs the sounds of voices more sonorous, the early appearance of a larger art.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

### *Literary Affairs in France*

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

In the early autumn of 1913, I spent some weeks at Castres, an ancient town in Upper Languedoc, the very centre of the region where lived and moved Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, who, it will be remembered, were first brought to the attention of the Anglo-American literary public by Matthew Arnold in his "Essays on Criticism." While there, I made the acquaintance of a young professor—Abbé Emile Barthès—of the Catholic Theological seminary of Albi. The next year and less than three months before the war broke out, I received the following letter from the Abbé, who is perhaps the best authority on the famous de Guérin brother and sister:

The general title of my volumes will be, "Œuvres de Maurice et d'Eugénie de Guérin." My work grows little by little. I am having type-written the last pages of the unpublished material which I have collected and which will be ready in a few days. I hope during the coming long vacation to get the manuscript in such shape as to be able to put the first volume in the hands of the printer. It will be devoted to Eugénie de Guérin and her dear friend, Louise de Bayne, whom Maurice wished at one time to marry, and will be entitled, "Rayssac et le Cayla," the names of the country-seats belonging respectively to the de Bayne and the de Guérin families. Of all the volumes which I have under way, this is the one I prefer, for it contains the exquisite history of a friendship between two superior young women. It is perhaps unique and I shall be much surprised if posterity does not ratify my judgment. As regards

my "finds," they have been quite numerous and important. There was a time last autumn when manuscripts arrived in my study almost daily. I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have found in collecting and arranging these poor yellow sheets. Nor do I think that I am at the end of my discoveries, and I hope that the months of August and September will be favorable for my researches. I then trust I may be permitted to collate with the printed version, the manuscript of the famous "Cahier Vert" of Maurice. But this revision will doubtless not give me anything very new, for M. Trébutien, the first editor of the Guérin writings, made only unimportant suppressions.

During my stay in Castres, I saw Abbé Barthès twice and spent an afternoon in running over some of these manuscripts. There is no question that he has an interesting mass of unpublished material. I recall a letter by the boy Maurice to his father, written from the Lycée de Toulouse a few days after he had begun the study of Greek, the French being in Greek characters, "in order to show thee," the child writes naïvely, "what progress I am making in the classics." There were also one or two letters from Matthew Arnold to Eugénie and to M. Trébutien, that to Eugénie being in rather lame French, if I am not mistaken.

At that time I had not read the articles by Comte de Colleville which had appeared a year or two before in the "Mercure de France" and which have since come out in book form—"Un Cahier Inédit du Journal d'Eugénie de Guérin" (Paris: Mercure de France, 2 fr.). These articles bring to the surface a rather shady side of the always somewhat mysterious marriage—"it was happy," says Matthew Arnold, mistakenly—which Maurice contracted toward the end of his life. The revelations contained in the book confirm my fears that a good Catholic like Abbé Barthès cannot edit a perfectly trustworthy edition of the works of the de Guérins. Eugénie was too candid and Maurice strayed too far from the fold for a strict churchman to tell the whole story of their lives and to print the exact text of their writings.

When the Abbé Barthès spoke to me of the manuscripts which he had collected, I asked him immediately if he had succeeded in finding the "Cahier Vert," for which I myself have hunted up and down France more than once and which was supposed to be irretrievably lost. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when he answered me rather guardedly that "he thought he knew where it was." It will be noted that in his letter given above, written only a few months after I saw him, it is no longer a matter of finding the manuscript. He now "trusts to be permitted to

collate it." It is now pretty clear to me, especially after the de Colleville revelations, that the descendants of Maurice's friends in Brittany, where he spent many months of his life, and the descendants on his brother's side still living at the old home, Le Cayla, near Cordes, have been keeping from the public eye parts of the "Cahier Vert" and of Eugénie's even more famous "Journal."

It would be a most interesting contribution to Guériniana to have these two documents printed in full, but the same reasons which caused M. Trébutien to indulge in suppressions will probably prevail also with Abbé Barthès, if he ever brings out his edition. He was called to the colors when the war came, and though I have made repeated efforts to get into communication with him, I have not succeeded. If he has "disappeared," it is to be hoped that Comte de Colleville, or some equally independent writer, will take over the papers at Castres and give to the world a really complete and reliable edition of the works of this talented brother and sister, with biographical sketches which will also be complete and reliable.

Though Henri Barchhausen, a distinguished professor of the University of Bordeaux, died some time ago, his official biography (Bordeaux: Gounouilhon, 3 fr.), by Professor Paul Courteault, has only just appeared. All admirers of Montesquieu know what M. Barchhausen did for the fame of this favorite son of Guyenne. It is one of my pleasantest memories of literary France to have seen him years ago buried in this labor in his big house, bursting with books and manuscripts, in the Cours de l'Aquitaine, where he always welcomed an American, for, as M. Courteault says, "he was proud of the esteem which this work had won for him in the United States, with whose scholars he had many delightful relations." This interest in America began in M. Barchhausen's early manhood when he wrote for the "Nouvelle Revue de Théologie" three articles on Theodore Parker.

Still another Bordeaux professor calls for a word here. M. Raymond Thamin, president of the university, tells in his new book, "L'Université et la Guerre" (Paris: Hachette, 2 fr.), of the part taken in this war by the teachers and the college boys of France. The part has been a heroic one, and this book is among the best war books I have seen. It has very little to say of the material side of the contest and very much to say of the moral side, and should be read by all who wish to know the spirit in which France has made war.

Very different from Professor Barchhausen's interest in us is that which M. Gabriel Alpaud shows in his "*L'Action Allemande aux Etats-Unis*" (Paris: Payot, 5 fr.). A member of the staff of "*Le Temps*," but now at the front, he visited America in 1915, and this book is the result of that visit. I have not seen in English anything which gives in such detail the disastrous German campaign in the United States during the first year of the war, when the attempt was made to bring over American public opinion to the side of Berlin. That such a solid volume—500 pages in length and 5 francs in price—should not only find a publisher at Paris in these hard times, but should reach a second edition, shows how interested France has been all along in our friendship.

The same interest in America is seen also in M. Joseph Reinach's new volume, the eighth in the series of "*Les Commentaires de Polybe*" (Paris: Fasquelle, 3 fr. 50), which extends from June to the end of August 1916. These brief, incisive "*Figaro*" articles, "with a snapper at the end," contain frequent references to President Wilson, critical but friendly, written of course before we declared war. But perhaps the most timely and significant topic presented is M. Reinach's reiteration—three times in this volume and twice in earlier volumes of the series—of the assertion that "when the peace comes, the Allies must refuse to treat with the Hohenzollerns," an excellent idea which has been growing in strength ever since M. Yves Guyot launched it for the first time, if I am not mistaken, in an article in the "*North American Review*," 1914.

M. Joseph Reinach's chief reason for taking this ground is his opinion that "the Kaiser is the author of the war," and it is this same phrase, "*Les Auteurs de la Guerre de 1914*," which M. Ernest Daudet has taken as the general title for his latest volumes—"Bismarck" and "*Guillaume II et François-Joseph*" (Paris: Attinger, 3 fr. 50 each). A third volume in the series, "*Les Complices*," is under way. The first of these volumes begins with "the distant causes of the war," dating them back as far as the epoch of the French Revolution, and then comes down to the fall, in 1890, of "the Iron Chancellor, the arch preparer of the war of 1914." The second volume, devoted to the present Kaiser and Francis Joseph, especially the former, brings the story to August 1914 and the present war, "which might have been easily prevented if William II had wished to do so."

Many of the same topics treated by M. Daudet come up in "*L'Eternelle Allemagne*"

(Paris: Colin, 4 fr.), by Professor Victor Bérard, of the University of Paris, an authority on international European history and politics, especially of the Near East. Professor Bérard sketches with a masterly hand the rise and fall of Bismarck's work, and arrives at much the same conclusions as M. Daudet, likening the Kaiser to Shylock, "whom no judge of Venice could check in demanding what he declared to be his right."

Just what these rights are, at least the economic ones—and this is the field where Germany complained that "she had no place in the sun"—is stated by Professor Henri Hauser, of Dijon University, in "*Les Méthodes Allemandes d'Expansion Economique*" (Paris: Colin, 3 fr. 50). The present volume is a new and revised edition of this book, which was first published in the autumn of 1915. The spirit in which it is written is revealed in these words of the author, where he refers to Germany's business methods before the war: "We are now more convinced than ever that in full peace Germany was making war on the world with peaceful arms." And here is his conclusion: "When the peace comes, it is an idle dream to suppose that we can boycott Germany. But it is the duty of the Entente to place Germany in such a position that she cannot do harm and to see that she practises loyal methods in international commercial relations."

In connection with all these books should be read at least three by that prolific Polish-French author, M. Teodor de Wyzewa, who has just died. They give a good idea of how Germany and the Germans looked to a man who was not by birth a Frenchman. "*L'Art et les Mœurs chez les Allemands*" (Paris: Perrin, 3 fr. 50) is well summed up in these words of the author: "Though the original edition of this book was written a quarter of a century ago, I vaguely foresaw then what the Germans and Germany would be in 1914." "*La Nouvelle Allemagne*," in two volumes, issued by the same publisher, has just appeared. M. de Wyzewa, who was on the regular staff of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" and "*Le Temps*," and who wrote on foreign subjects, generally of a literary or semi-political nature, has brought together here some of his best contributions to those periodicals, restricting the choice however to German topics. Among these is a review of Mr. Eric F. Wood's excellent "*Note Book of an Attaché*," which M. de Wyzewa pronounces one of the best of the war books.

THEODORE STANTON.

April 20, 1917.



## CASUAL COMMENT

THE WAY IN WHICH AMERICA MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF THE WAR will be a test of the maturity and the responsibility of our democracy. To hamper or set back the development of social democracy at home while fighting for democratic principles abroad would be a tragic confession of inadequacy. We are faced with difficult and delicate problems of readjustment, and even from the point of view of simple expediency and group efficiency, it would be folly not to lessen so far as possible the obvious sources of friction. If labor surrenders the right to strike, we must see to it that the benefit is not reaped by the profiteer. If wages are fixed by the government, so must be the takings of capital. If we are to be able to exert our full force and engage the support of the whole people, we must begin by an equitable adjustment of the burdens of war and encourage every plan that promises to extend the scope of the co-operative spirit among the various groups of the citizenry. There will be honest and wide divergence of opinion as to how we ought to approach the problems of internal organization and international policy, and the most searching test of our maturity will be the success with which we oppose tolerance to the action of the herd instinct. An effort to regiment opinion or to penalize unpopular views would be a disastrous blunder. Let us not disgrace ourselves by repeating the mistake that England made in the case of Bertrand Russell. Unfortunately, it is impossible to ignore the fact that such a tendency has already shown itself, especially in the universities, where opinion should be most free. Teachers whose opinions were felt to be "dangerous" have been dismissed, and a mild reign of terror instituted among their colleagues. If liberal opinion is content to set such cases down to individual stupidity, we shall be drifting into dangerous waters indeed.

STEPHEN LEACOCK, AS A LECTURER ON LITERATURE, brings an attractive personality and a likable manner. This whimsical stalwart from McGill University delivered on April 19th, at the University of Chicago, the second of the William Vaughn Moody lectures: "The Mutability of Literary Forms." After duly touching on the odd duality involved in a synchronous service to political economy and to humor, he revealed the sea of literature as a welter of chops and changes, teased by the winds of relativity. It was an hour and a half of challenging assertions and of accom-

modating retractions. The speaker did not profess to be determinative, but only suggestive. Forms came and went; taste and opinion fluctuated. The epic had passed; the novel might follow. Shakespeare was put in his place; the classics were handled with scant deference. Their survival seemed to have depended upon the vested interests of "pundits" (those professorially committed in early life to the support of the Established) rather than upon the loyal interest of Arnold Bennett's "passionate few." One gathered that, in the end, a limited number of basic principles existed and that due regard for these might help a piece of literature to outface the vicissitudes of time and the freakishness of "taste." A simple and direct appeal to the persisting realities of nature and of human nature offered the likeliest line. Mr. Leacock did not finish by reading from his own works: instead, he made a manly and touching reference to the ordeal through which his own country, and now ours, is passing; and he closed with a fitting allusion to the man in memory of whom the lectures at Mandel Hall were undertaken.

THE INTEREST IN MILITARY DRILL, which has received such stimulus within the past year, has called forth a number of manuals designed to assist the inexperienced in their preliminary efforts. Of these the "one best book," or to avoid invidiousness, the best-known and most comprehensive, is the "Manual of Military Training," by Captain James A. Moss (Banta Publishing Co.; Menasha, Wis.). It fulfils its author's purpose of explaining "everything pertaining to the instruction of the Company" even to the inclusion of physical exercises, map reading, visibility, and small patrol and outpost problems, in connection with which the volume contains a large- and a small-scale map. It is well supplied with diagrams and an index. Of a slightly different scope is "An Officer's Notebook," by Captain Ralph M. Parker. It includes a number of preliminary remarks on Courts-martial, etc., omitted in Captain Moss's volume. Most recent of all is "The Plattsburg Manual," by Lieutenants Ellis and Garey (Century). The authors, like Captain Parker, have taken part in the instruction at Plattsburg. The book, despite its title, will prove valuable rather to those who may undergo, or have charge of, instruction elsewhere than at Plattsburg, since much of the material in the book is orally drummed into the heads of the "attendants" during the weeks at the camp. Bolles, Jones, and Upham's "A Soldier's Catechism" (Doubleday, Page) covers a great deal of ground in simple

form. Marshall and Simonds's "A Military Primer" (Miller Co.) and Captain Andrews's "Fundamentals of Military Service" are both recognized texts. The official War Department manuals are at present in great demand and difficult to secure. They should be ordered early by individuals or organizations requiring them in quantities. Inexperienced purchasers of the "Infantry Drill Regulations"—staple diet for all elementary training—should make sure that the various loose-leaf "War Department changes" up to No. 18 are included in their copies. The paper-bound edition is appropriate for individual use; for libraries the cloth-bound edition at a slightly higher price would of course be more appropriate. There is also a special illustrated, indexed, and annotated edition designed to smooth the beginner's path. The "Small Arm Firing Manual" is at present particularly difficult to obtain and, except for the most formal instruction, the cheaper "U. S. Marine Corps Score Book and Rifleman's Instructor," with blank recording targets, is fully adequate for elementary purposes. A step beyond the elementary manuals come "Small Problems for Infantry," by Captain A. W. Bjornstad, and "Studies in Minor Tactics," both issued by the press of the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Bond and MacDonough's "Technique of Modern Tactics" is the standard work in that field. A selection of these books might prove useful to the library of any town where a military organization was in process of formation.

. . .

ALFRED KREYMBORG, EXEMPLAR OF BREVITY IN VERSE, paused in Chicago the other day, on his way westward, to speak before a little group in the Fine Arts Building on "What Others Mean to Me." When it is recalled that Mr. Kreymborg is the editor of "Others" and the compiler of the "Others Anthology," it will readily be inferred that he dealt in his "lecture-reading" with his own contributors. These were impartially taken up in alphabetical order; nor did the speaker dwell unduly on the letter K. Indeed, a few more "Mushrooms" than he gave would have been relished. The poems read and commented upon were many, but brief. The shortest had but two lines; several had but five or six; only a few had more than twenty. And they all possessed "character"; it was an evening of incessant prods and twinges. Toward the end, under questionings, Mr. Kreymborg acknowledged that his people were less occupied with propaganda than with personality, being more intent on expressing themselves than on bet-

tering the world. He also acknowledged—or confessed—that they were more concerned with technique than with sincerity. Mr. Kreymborg not only spoke frankly, but read well. One came away feeling that perhaps, after all, a long poem really was a mistake, if not an impossibility.

. . .

WAR AND LITERATURE, other than "White Books" and "Green Books" and similar official products of the pen, with the daily newspaper reports from the front and the occasional less ephemeral chronicle of military operations, go not well together. Nevertheless there is no cause to fear that, in this country at least, the coming months will witness any silencing of letters (nor, indeed, of laws) amid the clash of arms. Our entrance into the world conflict even presents itself to many publishers as not an unredeemed evil, since the resultant falling-off in certain branches of the book-trade will be at least partly balanced by increased activity in others. Democracy and patriotism and the conservation of resources will make good themes for writers, not to mention the stirring battle narrative or the moving hospital story or the inspiring war poem such as the past two years have given us in profusion. It would, of course, be cold-blooded and altogether abominable to count on this sort of literature as an assured and profitable by-product of the war; but its very probable if not inevitable production will help to tide over the hard times ahead. At any rate, it is reassuring to read in "The Publishers' Weekly" that "the publishing trade in general, while facing the war seriously, are disposed to believe . . . that their business and the business of bookselling will not be affected disastrously by the war, and booksellers who have been alert to respond to the re-awakened spirit of patriotism, find that their sales in new directions promise to offset in large measure any drop in the interest in books in general. The book-trade in America has never enjoyed such elation of prosperity that there is likely to be a sharp contrast in circumstances through the adversity of war." Pertinent also is this from the same source: "We are the richest nation and have the richest citizenry of all countries, and by the more modern and sounder methods of taxation, taxes will be levied in increasing proportion on excessive wealth and abnormal profits. This will somewhat relieve the situation as far as books are concerned, for excessive prices and profits have not been a feature of either the publishing or bookselling trades."

## COMMUNICATIONS

## SHAKESPEARE IN PARIS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Cher Monsieur,

Il n'est pas exact que j'aie traité Wagner et Shakespeare de la même façon (in the same fashion) et je ne puis souffrir que l'on me présente aux Anglais comme un ennemi de leur grand poète.

Mon article de la *Renaissance* était une réponse à un autre dans lequel on disait qu'après la guerre, on serait dans un monde nouveau qui demanderait un art nouveau; et dans ce but on parlait de fonder une société pour la représentation des œuvres de Shakespeare, sous prétexte que beaucoup de ses œuvres seraient nouvelles pour le public. Or, comme nouveauté on parlait de commencer par le Marchand de Venise, qui a été représenté souvent à Paris, en français et en Italien.

Est-il besoin de faire remarquer que les chefs-d'œuvre du 16<sup>me</sup> siècle, pour être inconnus de notre public, ne constituent point pour cela un art nouveau?

Et n'est-il pas vrai que même en Angleterre il est impossible de représenter sans adaptations les œuvres de Shakespeare, écrites pour un temps et des conditions théâtrales tout différents des nôtres? et qu'on n'en peut avoir une idée complète que par la lecture?

Tout cela n'a aucun rapport avec l'admiration que les Français éprouvent pour l'œuvre de Shakespeare, ni avec la question de Richard Wagner, insulteur de la France et puissant instrument de pénétration de l'Allemagne chez nous.

Yours very truly,

Paris, 5 Avril, 1917.

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

## THE BASIS OF PEACE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

There has been sent to me, bearing the label of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, quite the most remarkable and statesmanlike book that I have ever seen on the subject of war and peace. It is entitled, "The Basis of Durable Peace," and the writer uses the pseudonym, Cosmos. May I, through your columns, urge that the identity of this author be made known for the satisfaction of his countrymen? In my judgment, this little book makes as important, as persuasive, and as statesmanlike an argument for the better international organization of the world as did the papers contributed by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay under the title of "The Federalist" for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. It is a great pity that the authorship of this book should not be known. The writer is, in my judgment, an American, but that we had in the United States any man of such accurate knowledge, broad vision, and constructive international statesmanship was quite unsuspected, at least by

me. I am told that among those who have been suggested as the possible authors of the book are Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Nicholas Murray Butler, John Bassett Moore, David Jayne Hill, and Robert Lansing. I think I find in the book itself reason to believe that no one of those named is the writer, but, if so, then who is Cosmos?

The book seems to me likely to become as famous as the letters of Junius, and the curiosity of some of us is piqued by the anonymity of the author.

T. R. THAYER.

Boston, Mass., April 24, 1917.

## POETRY AS A SPOKEN ART.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With a great portion of Miss Lowell's conclusions in "Poetry as a Spoken Art," in your issue of January 28, I am in perfect accord. There can be no doubt that poetry is primarily an appeal to the ear, not the eye, and that it existed a long time before writing came into use. The connection between poetry and music is, in fact, much closer than she has indicated. It is curious, therefore, that she does not see how completely this disproves some of the things for which she has so stoutly contended. I think I do not misrepresent her, though I cannot at the moment refer to book and page, in imagining her to have asserted that *vers libre* is not founded on rhythm but cadence. In THE DIAL she says: "While it may dispense with rhyme, and must dispense with metre,—it retains that essential to all poetry: Rhythm." Certainly rhythm is the one essential element of poetry, but rhythm, as applicable to poetry, and metre are identical, so far as I can see, with time in music. All are the measure of movement of sound, and all imply a regular beat. The rhythm of *vers libre* is the rhythm of prose, an entirely different thing. In good prose there is a balance and symmetry of word and phrase, but there is no uniform movement, no exact measure or true rhythm.

When therefore she says that "this does not affect its substance in the least," she must mean that it does not affect the thought. Certainly, it entirely destroys the form which seems to be the fundamental difference between poetry and prose, as in almost all cases the thought can be more adequately given in prose than in poetry. The poet sacrifices this full and clear expression for a musical effect, which is lost in *vers libre*. But again: If the thought or substance is the only thing worth preserving, how can it be true that reading it aloud "is an absolute condition of comprehension"? And if there are few who know how to read, the number of people who can appreciate *vers libre* must be very limited. I belong to this unhappy minority, never having heard it read well. I must confess also that I have not been impressed with its "substance," but I have seemed to see in most of it a great overstrain—shall I say of perspiring metaphors?—to take the place of rational thought.

H. E. WARNER.

Groton, N. H., April 24, 1917.



### *International Dubieties*

A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE. By Robert Goldsmith. (The Macmillan Co.; \$1.50.)

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By Walter E. Weyl. (The Macmillan Co.; \$2.25.)

The League to Enforce Peace is unfortunate in its protagonists. The idea is put forth as the hope of a liberal world, yet its stoutest supporters in this country are public men to whom we never in our wildest imagination credit a liberal idea. Mr. Taft's advocacy alone should be enough to prejudice any liberal pose, and now comes President Lowell in an introduction to a popular exposition of the League's programme by one Robert Goldsmith. This book will prove a further handicap to the liberal propaganda. It is an unusually thin mess of intellectual porridge. The dreadfulness of war is treated as jauntily and morally as is the impracticable idealism of the pacifists. The book slides along from easy platitude to easy platitude, without any genuine criticism or even analysis of the idea it professes to expound. The tone is of presenting with assurance something accepted by the wise, to be made herewith interesting and palatable to the vulgar. The book is one of the most vicious examples of weak academic discussion, where you draw your propositions sterily out of other propositions, without reference either to facts or probabilities. And it is not even a good piece of scholastic reasoning.

Now that the Administration has committed the country ostensibly to aiding in the establishment of such a League of Nations, nothing is so much needed as a thorough analysis and airing of the entire programme, with all its implications and contingencies. Yet "liberals" apparently feel that the idea is so obvious that it carries itself. They imply that it is only against the attacks of those who are less liberal than they that the idea needs defence. But it is actually the more liberal in England and America who feel the profoundest misgivings at the idea of an international order founded on universal militarism. There is no longer any need of proving to anybody that the hope of the world demands some kind of international order. The question becomes, Shall it be this kind? The democratic radical feels that this particular scheme has seeds in it so sinister that peace would be imperilled, and not ensured, by any such premature coalescence of the nations. He feels the glamour which the President has thrown around the idea to be false and misplaced. And the way in which his partisans have failed to meet this radical

protest is largely responsible for the apathy with which the country still regards his whole programme of internationalization.

The idea hangs upon the agreement of the leagued nations to coerce back to peace, with all their military and economic means, any nation which goes to war without first submitting its dispute to arbitration. In other words, the League is an economic and military alliance of all against each. The underlying belief is, of course, that peace will be permanently maintained through the fear each nation would feel of challenging the entire force of the others. But was not this the theory upon which armaments were piled up and the European armed truce of 1871-1914 maintained? The present war should be a lesson to any mind which believes that international order can be based on the consolidation of power so strong that none will dare attack it. The collapse of the League would be followed automatically by exactly what followed the collapse of the armed truce—a world-war. Indeed, such a League to Enforce Peace might better be called a League to Ensure a World-War. For every war which a recalcitrant nation precipitated would, by the terms of the League, become a world-war. Would this consideration necessarily stay the hand of any ambitious, powerful, and dissatisfied people who knew that arbitration could not give them what they wanted? The present war was made possible not only by the armed truce, but by the system of secret understandings between nations. What is to guarantee that the League, when it takes up arms to enforce peace on a single rebel state, will not find itself opposed by two or even three powerful allies? The League would then be ineffective, and would merely have thrown the world into another horrible cataclysm.

But the idea contains other fatal flaws. It does not involve the enforcement of arbitral decisions. If the disputing nations are not satisfied with the award, they may take to arms, and the League will allow them to fight it out alone. What would be easier than for a nation deceitfully to submit to arbitration, refuse the award, and attack its rival in perfect immunity? The enforcement of peace would then be bankrupt, though the whole world might be affected by the conflict. The League, moreover, could not afford to limit armaments. One certain effect would be to rivet huge navies and universal armies on every country. For the League, to terrorize every member, must be strong. Each component nation would have to be strong up to the limit of its military power, in order that there might be a clear preponderance of

strength against any challenge. Similarly, the governments must be powerful, or the League will be weak. This means that ultra-democratic or revolutionary movements must be suppressed. The members of the League would need tacitly to guarantee one another's governments. President Lowell defends the League as a vigilance committee of the nations. But surely this is an absurd analogy. The procedure in a lawless community is not, first, for all persons solemnly to agree to submit to arbitration all their personal differences and to suffer coercion by all the others if any of them breaks the peace, and, secondly, for all the members of the community, having pledged themselves, to arm to the teeth and sit around waiting for somebody to start something. Yet this would be an exact analogy to the proposed League of Peace. Persons who could ever be brought to agree to any such mutual coercion, could be brought easily to agree to submit to constituted central authority. The world that was ready for a League to Enforce Peace would be ready for a genuine international government. The nations would be ready to disarm and put all coercive power into a small international police force. This proposed League is no more the first feasible, opportunist step toward international order than any such preposterous pact of frontiersmen is the first step toward community government.

The competence of the official partisans of the League in this country can be judged from the fact that Mr. Goldsmith never so much as mentions any of these objections to the idea. It is refreshing to read Dr. Weyl, who accepts the idea that there must be a machinery of force like the League to Enforce Peace, but who admits that "in the immediate future we are likely to have not a true league of peace but rather a league of temporarily satisfied powers, seeking their group-interest in the status quo and pursuing their common aims at the expense of excluded nations in much the same spirit in which a single nation now pursues its separate interest." Our entrance into the war then, one would say, becomes a joining of such a genuine vigilance committee of satisfied power. The mistake lies in idealizing this action as anything else than the business of restoring order. It is not the League; it is not even the approach to a League. The future is dark and dubious. Dr. Weyl's tone accords with this perplexity. It has a unique suggestiveness in its careful analysis of all the preparatory work necessary to get the world into a state where it can even think of a fruitful league of nations. War, he says, results from the competition of rapidly expanding industrial na-

tions who require access to large agricultural areas in order to keep their populations alive. These populations can only be maintained by exchanging their industrial products for raw materials. There ensues, therefore, a fierce competition for markets and colonies. Modern warfare will only be abated as this competition is changed into coöperation, as the rate of population diminishes, as agriculture is stimulated at home, as the distribution of wealth within the country is made just. He argues that the problem of war is one of domestic economy. The incentives to imperialism—which breeds war—arise when surplus capital, which should be absorbed in improvement at home, seeks the enormous profits of virgin countries where labor may be exploited. Absorb this capital in social reform, encourage agriculture, spread birth control, and you lessen the imperialistic craving. Make commerce inviolable in war, declare free trade in all colonies, pool your separate national financial interests in international syndicates for the development of backward countries, and you will have diminished the chances of the collision of national interests. This would be international justice. No nation could any longer feel that it was denied its place in the sun.

Dr. Weyl's book suggests a mind fully conscious of the complexity of the international problem, and desirous of finding a way out through realities, and not by means of an intellectual trick. The most impressive thing in his book is the analysis of imperialist forces, the sense he conveys of the vast sweep of the great modern populations in their push toward subsistence. He searches honestly for "antidotes to imperialism" and has no smug "liberal" illusions about the beneficence of a "liberal" imperialism. This critical analysis is more valuable than anything he does specifically for American enlightenment. The difficulties of the technique of our contribution to internationalism remain unsolved. And Dr. Weyl is not the most skilful of writers. He has a confusing way of pushing a proposition back into the water again after he has brought it safe to land. And his philosophy of war is inadequate to explain why Germany is at war, though it might explain why England is. But his approach to the problem is absolutely sound and right. These are the emphases and these the issues that should be first in our minds. The way to the League must be through international justice. The "antidotes to imperialism" must precede the mischievous intellectualisms of a League to Enforce Peace.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

## *The Monroe Doctrine in Poetry*

THE NEW POETRY. An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. (Macmillan Co.; \$1.75.)

While in some respects "The New Poetry" is the best American anthology in many years—if not the best to date—in other respects it is very disappointing. There are two types of anthology: the comprehensive, which aims to embrace all that is typical of the period chosen or all that is important in it; and the highly selective, which (guided of course by a fallible personal taste) aims at a small representation of the best. Miss Monroe's anthology is of the first class rather than of the second, which, in the present reviewer's opinion, is a mistake at the outset; and a second mistake lies in the fact that while apparently comprehensive it is very imperfectly so. It is fairly comprehensive as regards American poets, but makes lamentable omissions as regards the English. Not only are such poets as Masfield, Brooke, Gibson, Hodgson, Flint, Lawrence, de la Mare, and Bottomley very scantily and often poorly represented by comparison with our native poets; but, what is worse, the work of Lascelles Abercrombie (considered by both Brooke and Gibson the most significant poet in England to-day), of James Elroy Flecker, and of William H. Davies, is omitted entirely. And it cannot be argued that these poets are not sufficiently modernist; one can find plenty of verse by American poets here included which is a great deal more old-fashioned, and certainly, in point of merit, in no way comparable. Abercrombie may not write in free verse, but in the intellectual and emotional sense he is as modern as a poet can be.

In short, the faults which have for four years been conspicuous in Miss Monroe's magazine of verse are again conspicuous here. The policy of "Poetry" has been unfortunately provincial in tone; toward all that she has felt no sympathy with Miss Monroe has manifested too frequently a cocksure intolerance. In one of the first issues of "Poetry" (1912) an article appeared which maintained that at the moment no poetry worthy of serious consideration was being written in England. If one remembers that at this time Masfield's "Dauber" had just appeared in "The English Review" (following his other two narratives), that the first volume of "Georgian Poetry" was being arranged, and that, in general, Masfield, Brooke, Gibson, Abercrombie, de la Mare, and Davies were doing their best work, one at once perceives in Miss Monroe the kind of limitation against

which one must be on guard. These English poets were easily ignored—they were far away, they had no hearing in America. At the same time our very numerous American poets, particularly those of the Middle West, and those who manifested that moderate degree of radicalism of which the essentially conventional Miss Monroe was capable, were coming in for garlands—the bad and the good alike. Throughout, the editors of "Poetry" have displayed an amazing lack of discrimination—both as regards aesthetics and ideas. So extraordinarily have they mixed bad with good, mediocre with brilliant, that, in the last analysis, they have stood, in any appreciable degree, for little or nothing.

These remarks are almost equally applicable to the anthology which Miss Monroe has now compiled. "The New Poetry" is, to begin with, astonishingly copious. Barring the signal omissions mentioned above, it offers a taste of almost everything. It is only when one turns to this or that individual poet that one discovers how shabbily many of them are represented—even, too, Miss Monroe's own favorites. How is one to explain the fact that none of Vachel Lindsay's moon poems is included, while that ephemeral jingle, "General William Booth," leads his group? Amy Lowell, too, though amply, is poorly represented. If "Patterns" had to be included, Miss Lowell should at least have been prompted to eliminate that famously ludicrous line,

And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as  
he clasped me,—

but better still would it have been to omit "Patterns" altogether, and to include the many finer things Miss Lowell has written: "Sister Clotilde," for example, and "Vernal Equinox"; or, if one desires free verse to be more frankly prose, "The Crossroads."

And so it is throughout. We find Brooke's war sonnets, two of which are admittedly good, but not his "Clouds," or "Town and Country," or "Dust"; we are given only second-grade Frost, both lyric and narrative; we are given not one of Gibson's typical psychological studies but his very inferior, if not actually bathetic, war lyrics instead. Hodgson's "Song of Honour," "The Bull," and "Eve" are not here, nor Flint's "Malady," nor Masfield's "Biography," nor Fletcher's "Green Symphony," nor "White Symphony," nor Eliot's "Prufrock," nor Robinson's "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." . . . But why go on? It could be done indefinitely. It seems almost as if Miss Monroe had a peculiar instinct for choosing a poet's second-best.

What is the secret of this? Is it merely bad taste? Partly, of course, if not largely;



but there is also, further, the fact that Miss Monroe has tried desperately to live up to her title (in so far as it represents an idea) and at the same time to those canons of poetry which are more enduring. Miss Monroe does not realize of course how much of a traditionalist she is ethically and emotionally; in at least a part of the æsthetic field, she is really a traditionalist, and in consequence as much of the "old" as of the "new" is here represented, and, on the whole, with the same strange unevenness of taste. The result, as all these remarks have been implying, is a performance singularly confusing and inconsistent, singularly lacking in tone or character. It is neither old nor new, good nor bad, selective nor comprehensive. It devotes twenty pages to Pound (who leads in point of space) and none to Abererombie; sixteen to Lindsay and Masters; five to Masfield; six to Gibson; while such poets as Fletcher, Robinson, and Frost trail far behind Miss Lowell in space allotted—far behind the editress herself. Are these ratings to be taken literally? Is the amount of space granted a poet totally unconnected with his relative importance? And why, if this anthology is intended to disclose only the "new" in poetry (in Miss Monroe's sense) does it contain the distinctly traditional work of Josephine Preston Peabody, the punctilious lyrics of John Hall Wheelock, Joyce Kilmer, Louis Untermeyer, and many less well-known but almost equally adroit makers of verses pleasantly conventional? Why have the more acid and powerful of the Spoon River daguerreotypes been omitted—along with the more magical? The only answer is that Miss Monroe, if she is really a radical at all, is chiefly so as regards form; as regards the material of poetry (and to any genuine well-wisher of poetry this is the important thing), she suffers from many of the curious inhibitions, for the most part moral, which played havoc with the Victorians. The truth must not be told when it is disagreeable or subversive. One's outlook on life must accord with the proprieties. Above all, one should be a somewhat sentimental idealist—anthropocentric, deist, panpsychist, or what not, but never, by any chance, a detached or fearless observer. Frost cannot give us his "Home Burial" here, nor Masters his "Arabel," or "In the Cage," nor Brooke his "Libido." Realism is pardonable in Miss Monroe's eyes only if it is decorative.

In short, Miss Monroe, like many another anthology, has willed the good and achieved the evil. An anthology of the new poetry which shall be equally fair to English and American poets, to realists and romanticists,

is much to be desired. But a tangle of personal predilections, biases, editorial necessities, dimly seen ideals, and half-resisted nepotisms and the reverse, has proved too much for the editor. And the result is a disappointing half-success—a provoking half-failure.

CONRAD AIKEN.

### *Mittel-Europa*

CENTRAL EUROPE. By Friedrich Naumann. Translated from the German by Christabel M. Meredith. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$3.)

It has been a part of the fate of Friedrich Naumann to serve as the champion of lost causes. It is a rôle to which he brings both valor and optimism, finding comfort apparently in the discovery that worthy objects have been gained by the fight even for lost causes. If the cause to which he has now attached himself should fare no better than some of the others, at least his optimism is admirable. The central thesis of his book is the necessity for consolidating and rendering permanent the union between Germany and Austria-Hungary, brought about by the pressure of war. The programme he sketches may seem out of proportion with the grandiose dreams of empire which are popularly supposed to have launched Germany upon war.

But Naumann might answer that the union he proposes is no more than a beginning for the Central European superstate which fills his vision. The Austro-German coalition is to serve as a nucleus, a centre of gravitation, so to speak, to which are to be attracted "all nations which belong neither to the Anglo-French Western Alliance nor to the Russian Empire." The author is quite naturally reticent as to the nations that might ultimately be expected to come into the group. At times the confines of the ancient German Empire seem to float before his vision, as when he reminds his readers that its frontiers extended to the terrain now occupied by the French and German armies. But of course the cardinal interest lies in the East or, rather, in the South-East. If events there, during and after the war, were to assume the most favorable complexion, the results would almost coincide with the aims attributed to Germany by M. André Chéradame in his suggestive book, "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked." If the war, says M. Chéradame, should prove to be a "drawn game," Germany would be ready to sacrifice almost everything else for the sake of her gigantic scheme embraced in the formula, "From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf." The realization of her

dream of controlling Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey would indeed provide an unassailable foundation for future world-power and world-domination.

But Naumann insists again and again that it is futile to talk of any such future developments until the first step toward the establishment of the Central European superstate—the welding of Germany and Austria-Hungary—has been undertaken. Such a step is absolutely indispensable if Germany is to preserve her independence side by side with the three great world states—Great Britain, Russia, and the United States. Standing alone, she could not hope to escape the danger of coming under the influence either of England or of Russia. And even the Central European superstate, under the most favorable conditions of organization, could scarcely aspire to more than fourth rank.

It must be understood from the outset that this whole project differs completely from the old Pan-German idea of forming "a purely German state, extending from the North Sea to Trieste, the German port"—an idea that involved uniting those parts of Austria-Hungary in which the German population predominates with the German Empire. Central Europe is to be an international state, comprising all the different peoples and races now living under Austro-Hungarian rule. But have not the centrifugal tendencies in Austria been threatening for years to bring about the disruption of the empire? Is the accession of the Prussian spirit likely to diminish the danger? Has, indeed, the "Prusso-German Empire," as Naumann himself calls it, been more successful in the treatment of subject races than the Magyars themselves? To answer this question, it is sufficient to mention the Poles and the Danes and the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine. But Naumann is convinced that the Germans are eminently teachable; they will speedily learn "the great art of managing men, sympathy with others, and the power to enter into their nature and aims." In short, he cheerfully takes it for granted that the raven will equip himself with snow-white plumage overnight. It is with the same facile optimism that he faces the problem of German Anti-Semitism, rendered more acute as it would be by the large Jewish population in Austria, and the equally menacing problem of the preponderance of Catholic influence in the Central European superstate. Indeed, the author seems to feel quite confident that the mere sound of the magical watchword "Mid-Europe," and the mere thought of the advantages to be gained, may be counted upon to act as a centripetal force sufficient to counteract all disruptive tendencies.

It is somewhat more to the purpose, when he lays stress on the principle that the authority of the new superstate will have to confine itself exclusively to the economic and military spheres and to the conduct of foreign affairs, leaving all ecclesiastical, educational, and linguistic problems, together with the whole internal administration, in the hands of the separate states. It is to take its beginning in associations of syndicates and trades unions, in uniform customs regulations aiming at the gradual establishment of free trade within the frontiers of Central Europe. A Mid-European parliament, which is ultimately to be evolved, will have powers of final decision in economic and tariff matters; and the military partnership which is postulated by this economic union, will also have to find constitutional expression. But otherwise all existing state and crown rights are to remain intact.

As compared with the old German empire of pre-Napoleonic days, the cardinal difference of the new superstate will consist in the shifting of the centre of gravity from Austria to Germany—a process which was instigated and made possible by the temporary separation of Prussia from Austria which Bismarck achieved through the war of 1866. The author does not seem troubled by any great doubt that Austria will readily swallow this bitter pill with a suitable sugar-coating, such as he has himself tried to provide by many flattering observations. At any rate, it is quite evident that it is the "Prusso-German" spirit which he looks upon as the panacea for evils and dangers, and as the mighty force that will weld Germany and Austria-Hungary into one powerful whole, able to hold its own against the other great political constellations or superstates. Here we have reached the point that is of the greatest interest to the general reader.

The great reviving draught, then, is to consist in the infusion of the German economic spirit of militaristic state socialism. The author copiously sanctions this designation:

If our opponents like to label this intrinsic connection between the work of war and peace as "German militarism," we can only regard this as reasonable, for Prussian military discipline influences us all in actual fact, from the captain of industry to the maker of earth-works.

A shudder is sure to creep over many a reader with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins as the author unfolds his vision of the German state which is in rapid process of development—"not merely an industrial state, but an organized state." When the ideal has reached its consummation, there will no longer be any overlapping or unnecessary competition, no waste of effort or of materials. Even now, the private employer of the old type is

fast becoming "the free directing employee of a society which produces steel or yarn or sugar or spirits." In another generation, we shall see before us "the whole scheme of a powerful industry with its domestic regulations and its divisions of labor,"—based on a system of state syndicates, and "almost as logically thought out as a textbook of grammar." We shall have before our eyes, in fact, a nation consisting exclusively of officials and employees, an organization of all citizens, extending downward pyramid-wise from the apex of central government, each individual being occupied with his allotted share of the prescribed routine of work. What a blessing it was that the war brought martial law into force, which made it possible "to carry out in a few months what would otherwise have needed a lifetime of discussions: the declaration that all necessary stocks were State property, and the substitution of public officials and Government companies for private trade. State Socialism made giant strides forward in a single night!" What could not be made of Austria-Hungary, if this "German economic creed" were extended to its dominions by "speeding up those who are lingering in the old habits of work, so that they approximate to the labor rhythm of the progressive." Above all, "what might not the Hungarians do with their land! . . . Mid-Europe would be assured of an independent food-supply!"

"We are a uniform nation," the author exclaims admiringly, "magnificently uniform in this method of organizing our daily life and work. Primary schools, universal conscription, police, science and socialistic propaganda have all worked together to this end." Yes, there can be no doubt, it is truly "magnificent," this gigantic mechanism, this huge machinery of overwhelming vastness and power, grinding out—what? The omnipotence of the state and the annihilation of the individual soul! It is possible to clip a row of trees into shape, so that they form a tall hedge, straight and square, with contours of faultless geometrical regularity; and such hedges may occasionally be useful enough for certain purposes. But what would the landscape, what would creative Nature be without the solitary gnarled giants that grow in the woodlands, where and how they list! "Mathematical," "logical," "scientific" are epithets which the author loves to bestow on German life and work in all its forms. "Into everything," he writes, "there enters to-day less of the lucky spirit of invention than of patient, educated industry." But might not the time come soon enough, when the Germans would thank God on their knees for one ounce of

that "lucky spirit of invention" or, let us say, of individual initiative?

The author is, of course, perfectly aware that other nations view this magnificent mechanism of state socialism without envy. "In educated circles in Paris and London," he says, "they feel a mixture of pity, fear, respect and aversion towards this German type. Even if they could produce the same thing there, they would not wish to do so, for they have no desire for this disciplined soul; they do not desire it, because it would be the death and the surrender of the individual soul." *Oderint dum metuant!* He is confident that nothing will stop or deflect the course of this development: after the war, he says, "foreigners will talk even more than before about German economic militarism, but we are convinced the enforced transformation of the war period will not suit us badly." For the war itself, he avers, has greatly confirmed the German people "in this, our German method." And then he goes on to say:

From the very first days, this war, which had been forced upon us, was regarded as a necessary and quite universal duty and task which must be performed. Every one looked to those in responsible positions for a planned organization reaching even to the smallest details. . . . The war was really only a continuation of our previous life with other tools, but based on the same methods.

This, again, is true. It is only too true. It is tragically true. When, by the pressure of a button in Berlin, the gigantic machinery, each component part of which consists of a human being, was set in motion, there was no hitch in its working—no hesitation, no stopping to think of any questions of right and wrong. The human gramophones, released by the same pressure of the same button, obediently shrieked out the words provided by the record, as we can hear it in Naumann's own case—"purely a war of defence," "undesired and diplomatically unprepared," "forced upon us," "giant states rising to crush us," and so on. And, with this vociferous accompaniment, the Leviathan moved forward, working destruction all over Europe, and inflicting untold misery upon mankind, such as it had never known before.

Nor is there any hope, according to Naumann's views, for better things in the future. "It is not to be supposed that, at the conclusion of the war, the long jubilee years of an everlasting peace will begin." There will be fresh problems, leading to "disillusionments which will express themselves in excessive armaments." The future "will be even more concerned with phenomena on this grand scale." The moment the present war comes to an end, preparation will have to



begin for the next war—not only by armaments, but also by the storage of grain and raw materials on a scale hitherto undreamed of. The system of fortified trenches will become a permanent institution. If France and Belgium had built such trenches instead of fortresses, the German advance of 1914 might never have been possible. There will thus come into existence a new system of "Roman and Chinese walls, made out of earth and barbed wire." One of them will stretch from the Lower Rhine to the Alps, another from Courland to either the right or the left of Roumania; whether there will be a third ditch, running from West to East, and separating Germany from Austria, will depend on whether Central Europe is to become a reality. Naumann does not leave us in any doubt that these will be Chinese walls in spirit as well as in name. He admits that, in the days after the war, the countries outside those two parallel barbed-wire ditches will be "as good as closed to the German traveler." But he paints an alluring picture of the numerous and manifold attractions that are to be found inside the barriers, and then dismisses his reader with an encouraging "Well, a pleasant journey!"

Naumann's vision of the future thus gives short shrift to all "dreamers" who would like to see mankind move heaven and earth in order to make this most terrible war the last war. That time, he insists, is not yet. Until the "United States of the World" have been evolved, together with a fundamental law for an International Court of Arbitration, "what remains but to put it to the test of blood, how highly each nation who makes a claim, is in a position to value it?" The only comfort he has to offer is his conviction that the "Federated States of Central Europe" will form a first step on the long and blood-stained road toward the "United States of the World." The idea that Central Europe might be established in the form of a republic is curtly dismissed as "unhistorical"; the treaties calling it into existence will have to "bear the signature of the German Emperor, the Austrian Emperor and the King of Hungary."

Of course, the Russian revolution was not dreamed of when Naumann wrote his book. History had not yet begun to walk in seven-league boots, as a German socialist said the other day. We cannot predict with absolute certainty whether the superstate of Central Europe, as conceived by Naumann, will still be within the sphere of the possible when history has reached the next station on its road, or whether it will belong to the limbo of lost causes. But if the latter should be the case, it

will not be because there was not a strong majority of his countrymen in favor of Naumann's views. His book, which has had the good fortune of finding a translator whose version reads like an English original, is indispensable to all who would form a concrete idea of the present working of the German mind, and it is a mine of information for everyone who wishes to gain an insight into the intricate problems of German economics and politics at the hand of a guide who has them at his fingers' ends, and who is imbued with a living knowledge of German history.

VINDEX.

### *The Author of "Erewhon"*

SAMUEL BUTLER: a Critical Study. By Gilbert Cannan. (London: Stecker.)

SAMUEL BUTLER; author of *Erewhon*: the man and his work. By John F. Harris. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.)

For thirteen years after his death Samuel Butler's memory was not honored with any criticism of more than thirty pages. There were a few magazine articles, mostly laudatory, and introductions by various hands to reprints of his works. During this period he was becoming gradually known to a wider and wider public. Then, in 1915, came Mr. Cannan's study, followed a year later by Mr. Harris's larger volume about the satirist—two books which supplement each other in satisfying manner, Mr. Harris dealing more in facts, Mr. Cannan in theories.

Butler always held that glory after death was better than glory in life, because the former was not such a bother to the man who was glorified. Indeed, he cared very little about glory, one way or the other, so long as it did not scare "nice" people away from his books, and so prevent his spirit from living through them with what life they had. Life through the living was what Butler wanted, not empty reputation or a name to be juggled with by cultured critics. And his wholesome influence was working while the cultured critics thought him dead and forgotten.

Mr. Cannan's book, however, stirred some of the hostile reviewers into activity. No doubt they were of the same breed as their Victorian predecessors who kept Butler down by a conspiracy of silence. Annoyed at his resurrection, they determined to finish him off once and for all by saying that his satire was out of date and that, as "one of our charlatans" (Mr. Shaw, presumably) admired him so much, he must evidently be damned. One, by way of a *coup de grâce*, announced

that Butler was in no respect superior to the author of "Pinafore," a judgment which Butler would have welcomed after having been compared by admirers with Meredith and Goethe. There is no reason why Butler's satire should be out of date any more than Swift's. Both were directed mainly against priggishness and hypocrisy, and English reviewers should be the last to pretend that these interesting vices were confined to the reign of Victoria.

You might have supposed, seeing how these reviewers attacked Butler, that Mr. Cannan had overpraised him; this was not the case. They simply emphasized points like the comparison with Gilbert, which Mr. Cannan had himself already made. I fear that Mr. Cannan was so much in sympathy with Butler's point of view as to become overcritical of it, for he has praised Butler only grudgingly and condescendingly; and it is as a corrective of this slighting attitude toward Butler that I wish to consider Mr. Harris's volume.

Mr. Harris does more than correct wrong impressions: he furnishes a good bibliography, gives a clear idea of what Butler's different books are like, for those who have not read them, quotes freely and interestingly from Butler's writings and from writings about him. But his principal service is to back Butler's valuation of himself, his idea of his own character, against all his critics. Mr. Cannan, attempting to read between the lines, to search out the secret doubts and fears, may have gone deeper into Butler's soul; yet in assuming so superior an attitude he missed, or passed over too lightly, the peculiar excellence of Butler's wisdom.

According to Butler's picture of himself, which Mr. Harris adopts, he was a man who tried to be himself and himself only. He never worried about his soul's salvation, had no desire to soar into unearthly realms or to swim in sentiment, never wanted to be like Shakespeare or anyone else whom he did not resemble. He resisted all attempts to make either himself or others conform to ways of believing which were not natural and reasonable to them, and he attacked hypocrisy wherever he found it. He never hunted for a subject, never forced his imagination, and though he never scamped a job once it was begun, he never undertook it until it actually bothered him into writing to get it off his mind.

Among the things which bothered him, two stand out above all the others: Darwinism and the Anglican Church. Mr. Cannan holds that they bothered him so much as to be obsessions. Mr. Harris, desiring to find nothing

unreasonable in Butler, will not admit that Butler was afraid of Darwin or that Darwin became an obsession; about the church he is more reticent, content to point out that the satirist was brought up under extremely unpleasant conditions, and that his revolt and attempt to free others were only natural.

Few will deny that the church did obsess Butler most of his life. The quantity of naughty wit, of innuendo, of brilliant logic, which he used against it shows how uncomfortable it made him feel. Even his fiction is in part a polemic against the Anglican orthodoxy. It might almost be said that the church was the first cause of his writing, the central object of his satire. Whether for ill or for good, the early Victorian church was an obsession with him which would not down, and with whose spectre he continued battling long after the institution had changed profoundly.

Butler's animosity toward Darwin and the Darwinists may, as Mr. Cannan says, have been the result of another obsession, but this is only half the story. Butler had a theory different from Darwin's to advance and the reputations of older naturalists than Darwin to uphold. He was defending free will in the natural order against a determinism as stupidly and superstitiously guarded by its high priests, the Darwinists, as religious dogma had ever been. From our present position, Butler's theories seem to have been much nearer right than those of many of the contemporary scientists who would have nothing to do with him. Butler had never gone in for research, nor did he use the usual scientific jargon; and though it is perfectly plain that people are just as capable of drawing false conclusions after rigorous scientific training as they were before, most scientists would rather be misled by one of the initiated than put on the right track by an outsider. The neglect to which he was treated probably made Butler more insistent than he would otherwise have been. He wanted sensible criticism for his theories, and he got little enough, even after his death. In this respect Mr. Cannan is as bad as Butler's contemporaries, refusing to find any value in him as biologist or philosopher.

Again, in dealing with Butler's minor enthusiasms, hobbies, and paradoxical fancies, Mr. Cannan shows his understanding of the man, but not of the work. Butler, as he says, missed a lot of the ordinary man's easy satisfaction with life by his very gift of humor; it would not allow him to be carried away except by an overwhelming force such as Handel's music. Butler was scarcely ever

able to put faith in the things which his age trusted. He was never an appreciator, a booster of reputations and fashions. As he could not live without setting his energy to some task, and as it would have been too cruel a self-mockery to build something substantial which he knew would eventually have to be destroyed, he lavished much care on jokes, which no one would be apt to take seriously. In this he was like a man who, believing that the world is soon to end, might build card houses and sand castles with more affection than if they were granite. Butler's undoubted genius and his habit of keeping close to experience often brought it about that these jokes turned out to be of more enduring stuff than their maker expected, and if they stood the rigorous searchings to which his mind subjected everything it touched, he came to believe in them. Furthermore, as Mr. Cannan fails to see and as Mr. Harris points out, these ideas and theories of Butler's were not isolated products of a wild imagination, but were arranged in his mind in orderly relation, registered, so to speak, in terms of one another. Though many and different subjects bothered him into taking them up, the literature which he produced was singularly pure, whole, and relevant.

From the point of view of his humor (and his genius was evidently at its best when it was humorous), Butler's incapacity for average illusions was a great help. If he had been able to join other men in backing one of their institutions, or if he could have tried to become an institution himself, as Darwin had, he might well have lost the best part of his humor. This calamity could not befall him while he ran steadfastly counter to his age. As long as he had no following to hood-wink, he had no cause to pretend solemnity or infallibility. He knew the blessedness of being in the minority. Like Mr. Higgs, "Erewhon's" discoverer, if Butler returned to his country to find Butlerism rampant, he would disown it and slip away. He preferred to be the light-hearted leaven, not the heavy loaf.

In his unwearied opposition to his age Butler might have been compared to a man who refuses to join his country's army at a time when joining the army is considered the thing to do. "If all Erewhonians were like you," says the recruiting sergeant, "there would soon be no Erewhon." "Ah," says the man, "but they're not." And he might have added as a second thought: "If all the world were like me, there would be no need for any army." Thus Butler had two lines of defence for his point of view: it was not accepted any-

way, and if by any miracle it should come to be accepted, there would no longer be any need for the institutions which it attacked.

As a practical demonstration of his point of view working in life, Butler wrote his novel, "The Way of All Flesh." Mr. Harris praises it unreservedly; Mr. Cannan shows discrimination of a rather theoretical sort by objecting that the thesis damages the art. Most people, however, do not read for art exclusively. Some may prefer the irony of the book, and some the kindliness. Others will be most impressed by Ernest's counter-conversion from the oppressive orthodoxy of his fathers to Butler's religion of "grace," which Mr. Cannan explains so clearly. Surely all must quicken at the presence of Ernest's Aunt Alethea, Butler's ideal of all a woman ought to be. Like Nausicaa of the Odyssey she makes no long stay, yet her coming is attended with beauty and her going with beauty and regret.

SIBLEY WATSON.

### *The Psycho-Analyzed Self*

ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By C. G. Jung.  
Translated by Dr. Constance E. Long. (Moffat,  
Yard & Co.; \$3.50.)

One may use the occasion of this English version of a sheaf of studies by Dr. Jung to consider, in the terms of its findings, the point of view which sustains the whole. Freud and Freudian interpretations have become familiar and contested issues. Whether the principles which they posit express a keen insight into the frailties of the human, all too human soul, or constitute a libel upon its fair name is the tangible point of discussion; truly this question injects a moral criterion, which may have its place in the application—the sentence—but hardly belongs in the appraisal of evidence and the reaching of a verdict, which is a matter for the court of logic alone. If the Freudian interpretation of human motives and the mechanisms of their intricate relations is sound, it is just as valuable whether its statement is pleasant or unpleasant, fit to print for the family reading or only for the physician's private office. Moreover, the "case of Freud," as a personal trial of the merits of an individual, is of far slighter consequence than the trial of his principles, however natural it may be to confuse the two in the popular hearing of a *cause célèbre*.

Of the followers of Freud, none has contributed more to enlarge and extend the scope of the "school" than Dr. C. G. Jung, formerly



of the University of Zurich. He in turn has his following; and as German writers are fond of calling every moderately congenial group a "school," we read of the Vienna school and the Zurich school. At this distance local distinctions are unimportant. What is characteristic of Dr. Jung is his broader conception of the scope of the Freudian interpretation. More particularly he declines to accept the sex-motif as the only, if yet the standard, type of desire, and expands it to a *libido*, which embraces all that is ardently wished and makes its appeal to the fundamental motive forces of the human will. Adler—likewise an independent Freudian—has much to say of the desire of power as a rival of love in the human soul and an equal cause of its undoing; while Jung passes from the crudely egoistic expressions to include the larger adjustments for happiness that go into a rounded life-history, and in their hazards sow the seeds of "nervous" tragedy. Yet, we speak freely of, and frankly encourage, a personal ambition, and realize though more vaguely the rights of the individual to the pursuit of happiness; so that these channels of desire (and their disastrous thwartings) are not beset by the restraints and resistances that condemn the career of sex to a secretive and troubled expression; nor do they root so deeply in the organic soil of passion. Possibly they borrow their energies from the overflow of the natural ardor of man, and in their artificial horticultural blossoms disguise, while yet they glorify, the ideals of mankind. Jung parallels the *libido* with the Bergsonian, poetized *élan vital*—the animated source of the desire for rich and full living, with a history as ancient and as various as that which biology confers upon all its creatures.

As a volume, these "Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology" record the successive steps of Jung's interests. They begin with engaging or puzzling "case histories," include an analysis of so-called "occult" phenomena, in which the adolescent subject blossoms forth in séances, answers questions of sitters, communes with spirits, and impersonates distinguished departed if uninspiring voices from the beyond. The subject also is detected in fraud. Here the one clue is hysteria, and the analyst of hysteria must be keen to recognize human motives as they approach the abnormal, in a measure that constitutes almost an independent clinical sense. The intense personalization of hysteria, the readiness with which imaginings are projected into realities, the craving for interest,—all these make a culture-bed for neurosis. But most cases of entanglement of motive—which warp and

twist the mind as an instrument of adjustment—are not so simple. Unlike murder they will not out; but like the sense of guilt, they trouble and produce unrest. Dr. Jung devised the psycho-analytic method of the association to meet this situation. The ordinary person will react with an association to an average list of common words with a degree of regularity that while variable can be statistically predicted. But let there be introduced some clue-words with which an emotional effect is involved, and there arises a hesitation, a resistance that lengthens the reaction and sets the mind to disguising what might be a revelation. Bring these several clue-words together, and you have the skeleton of the plot, which is likewise the skeleton in the closet, often unsuspected. Dr. Jung gives many pages of curves of reaction-times, in which these resisted reactions tower above their ordinary fellows, like the skyscrapers in the New York vista. Follow the clue, inspire confidence, and you get a confession, and with this psychic cathartic the troubled spirit is purged. Conflict is the clue to all such situations; the conflict of private longing and public achievement, of suppressed desire and the stern realities of existence. Despite this, the normal person achieves a unified personality that emerges by shedding what is irrelevant, unseemly, or impossible and developing what is approved; outwardly we all are our chastened or at least censored selves. Inwardly we may be a sea of trouble. The conflict is between the conscious and the subconscious strivings, those that get a chance for expression, and those for which normally repression is the fate. The psycho-analyst reveals how the other half lives; to many this is merely a slumming expedition; to others it is the most precious kind of psychologizing.

When the conflict is strong, it becomes a feud, and personality a divided house. Such is hysteria, which in the end produces the alternating personalities that represent the faulty and difficult maturing of a self, usually of the adolescent type. As maturing is so largely a sex matter and the concerns of sex stand focal to the intimate circle of being, the psycho-analyst is prone to *chercher la femme*, and finds what he seeks. In this search the dream is the most alert assistant. For the dream is uncensored and itself develops a plot and invents incidents. These have one meaning according to the acknowledged pattern of the censored mind, but quite another when read in terms of the subconsciously suppressed meanings. The experimental association is meagre and limited;

but the dream is a product as rich as life itself. Thus you set free the process of symbolism, which roams from allegory to mysticism, from obscenity to mythology, from cryptic utterances to delirium. Through such thinking, to the extreme Freudian, runs a dual code, with one meaning at the surface and a running commentary in the forbidden realm. To unravel the cypher leads to the discovery of the Freudian mechanisms. These cannot be discussed; but the conception of a neurosis as a faulty maturing (on the basis of hereditary disposition) leads to a special emphasis upon the stages of growth when a declaration of independence is essential. Hystericals are persons that mature weakly, imperfectly, inadequately; in a critical sense only the few put away childish things and become properly adult. This too long and too strong assertion of the infantile habit of mind plays its part in neurosis. The overdoing of home-ties makes for persons who never learn to stand alone. More particularly the psychology of the father as the forcible expression of authority has a dismal responsibility. In the relations of daughter to father, of son to mother, Jung traces the seeds of mal-adjustment and discontent; the father pattern becomes an obstacle to the daughter when confronted with suitors, and even her own mother stands as a rival in the suit for paternal favor. The development of this theme (as well as the emphasis on sex notions in young children) has estranged more readers otherwise attracted to Jung than any other single position. Yet the emphasis is essential to his view. Here as well as elsewhere he makes a transition to the cosmic application of his theme. Mythology is a Freudian parable; the Oedipus complex may be read only in its light. Neurotic imaginings and disguising romanticism in a sensitive and educated mind work after the manner of the racial myth.

The Freudian psychology attempts a generic view of the conditions of psychic living. It finds a critical expression in the manner in which it divides men and projects new boundaries among the varieties of personality. James made an epochal division of men when he distinguished the tough-minded from the tender-minded; Nietzsche speaks of Apollonians and Dionysians; others see the world of character ranged in classic and romantic camps, in material and æsthetic, in concrete and abstract groups. Jung speaks of the extraverted and the introverted; both occur in pathological form; but the hysterical introversions, which depreciate the external actualities and substitute for them the self-centred

projections of an intangible world of desire, contribute the interesting vagaries for the psycho-analyst's art. Values positive and negative lie here; the dreamer, the system-maker, the poet, the mystic are of a nature all compact; and this element of the romantic, sentimental creature misnamed *homo sapiens* demands an outlet, which the neurotic seeks in a perverted satisfaction. The tough-minded, matter-of-fact realist has a fairly straight road to travel; his satisfactions are as simple as his desires, and a *Weltanschauung* is a superfluous piece of baggage. The tender-minded wander in a network of invitation and temptation, and an uncharted jungle lures them on. Theirs is the neurotic hazard; and the *libido* makes strange converts.

Diverse as are these renderings of the Freudian theme in Dr. Jung's arrangement, they are not more so than his analytical psychology, which Jung as yet has not fashioned into an articulate system. But there is enough here to show a distinct psychological trend. "Neurosis is a tearing in two of the inner self." It is the wreckage that shows the risks of the high seas. For each it is the struggle to express and to suppress; for each it is the reconciliation that makes a solution, its faulty attainment that makes a tragedy. For the many, the motif is that of sex, for this alone is sufficiently saturated with desire, has an adequate hold upon the mainsprings of being. The few may sublimate it by carrying the same source of vital energy to new fields; if successful, the mind achieves the finest products of the spirit set free, of spiritual conquest and noble living. Even the sensual expressing sensual things, and the crude folk expressing crude things, live the life of contented adjustment. But spiritual unrest breeds neuroses and makes the moral problems of to-day. It seems a pertinent psychological reminder of the baser side of living, which Freud posits, to reflect that the horrors of murder, rape, and pillage are perpetrated in these days by persons who, a few years ago, were at home in a body of tender-minded citizens. If this too is a form of the *libido*, with the subconscious thinly buried by the resistances of outward conformity, the position of Freud becomes less of a libel upon mankind. But last as first, Freud and Jung and their kind must be considered for the illumination they contribute to the study of human motives. Content and form are only abstractly separable. One may wish that the Freudian ideas had been contributed by men more alive to the varied springs of action in refined persons, more sympathetic with the delicate products of intellectual insight, less

absorbed in the revolting aspects of a degenerate humanity. But the facts stand. The abnormal has given the clue to the interpretation of the normal, and brings with it much of the mud that attaches to deep-sea dredgings. When the psychologists of the future stand a little away from the canvas, they will interpret the composition more truly; and the casual critic will be less offended by the details and more concerned with the meaning of the whole. The reaction from Freudianism is justified; so will be the return to it under clearer conditions.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

### *Underworld Decorum*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP. By William H. Davies. Prefaced by Bernard Shaw. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.)

That Mr. Shaw should have consented to supply Mr. Davies with something in the nature of a testimonial is a sufficient witness to the amazing geniality of his spirit. His preface is to be taken as a pure *tour de force* of the imagination. How could it be anything else? How could Bernard Shaw and a Supertramp be expected to understand each other? To appreciate the full extent of Mr. Shaw's magnanimity, you have only, indeed, to consider the total economic depravity of Mr. Davies—his professional indolence, his unabashed sponging, his complete innocence of the modern superstition that a man ought to support himself as a passport to the respect of his fellows. If Mr. Shaw chose to overlook these vagaries, it can only be because he was persuaded that Mr. Davies really is a poet and therefore worth attending to.

Whether he is worth attending to in prose, however, is distinctly debatable, and I should think Mr. Shaw must have felt some doubts about the matter himself. He calls the book unique. Certainly, it is unique in our time, but I should imagine that the aspiration underlying it is so far from being unique that it represents fairly well the private ambition of half the writing population that never sees its work in print. The aspiration is clearly to be literary, and timelessly literary at that. The book is a standing reproach to our casual, colloquial assaults upon the dignity of the printed page. "These pudent pages," says Mr. Shaw, "are unstained with the frightful language, the debased dialect, of the fictitious proletarians of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and other genteel writers." So they are. There is about them an unimaginable propriety; they are rounded or squared with a meticulous precision that denotes an active

conscience. Mr. Davies understands with a profound and instinctive completeness that yearning for rhetorical chastity which attaches the masses to melodrama—the sole surviving literary form in which elegance is cultivated as an art. He might be described as the Lincoln J. Carter of trampdom. Josiah Flynt, if we are to believe Arthur Symonds, was afflicted with something of the same itch for verbal propriety, which suggests that we have to do with a phenomenon that ought to be of interest to literary psychologists.

I have intimated that the flavor of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" is exquisitely archaic. Not at all in the finessing and calculated manner of Mr. Hewlett, but naturally and unconsciously archaic. And the ideas are quite to match. No proletarian lust for intellectual novelty makes a patchwork of Mr. Davies's pages; he is utterly incapable of the characteristic modern vulgarity of wishing to appear modern. This singular staleness Mr. Shaw finds decidedly refreshing. It is the penalty he pays for being himself so aggressively and uncompromisingly new. Only an over-sophisticated public, rendered neurotic and irritable by the futile struggle to keep up with the exasperating flux of things, will be able to enjoy the freshness of this confession. To those who have a natural and healthy indifference to books, it will seem simply a rather colorless record of adventures in search of food and change.

Mr. Shaw stresses the fact that we have to do with a book that is admirably moral, except from the economic point of view. That hardly seems strange to me. It is due to the accident that Mr. Davies's reading stopped short of the dangerous modern period and embraced only the books that were written when there was still such a thing as literary decorum in the world and authors prided themselves on a decent reserve. This was what may be called the dualistic period of the English tradition, which Mr. Davies exhibits in its perfection. His code is simple: he keeps practice and precept in separate compartments, quite as they should be kept if a man values a quiet mind. This enables him to offer us precept uncontaminated by practice, requires no very violent accommodation, and accounts perfectly for the high moralistic tone that pervades the book. Nothing that Mr. Davies has to tell us is very shocking, to be sure, only the commonplaces of trampdom, but the copy-book maxim follows pat upon every delinquency, and the sinner by acknowledging his sin shows the most flattering deference possible to the conventions and the respectabilities.



Life was full of a number of things for Mr. Davies during the period of his wanderings. Besides the incidental prickings of conscience, he was troubled, when his mood was low, by the fear that he was overloading his mind with experiences he should never be able to record. So far as one can see, there was absolutely nothing to justify this fear: his account of his life is circumstantial and suggests documentation. We have his origins and the minor perversities of his childhood, for he was a spirited lad not persuaded of the sacredness of private property. We have his apprenticeship in Bristol and his reflections on embarking for America, lured by grandiose dreams of the new freedom and a desire to see the skyscrapers on the lower end of Manhattan Island. Luck was with him from the first, for no sooner had he arrived than he fell in with an experienced gentleman-adventurer, who unfolded to him the secret of free travel and free entertainment in the new world. Thus he was able to devote his entire time to touring our broad land and reflecting on the amazing altruism of the natives. The *savoir vivre* of tramps may differ slightly from that of gentlemen, but it seems to call for much the same buoyancy, tact, and latitude (in practice only) of moral adjustments. It would seem to be plain that where buoyancy and tact are in evidence, the public—at least in America—will not withhold its cakes and ale. Mr. Davies, indeed, often suffered from surfeit, especially a surfeit of dainties, and he can write about this incidental inconvenience of the tramp's life with genuine feeling. On the whole, however, the life suited him down to the ground, and I should advise those who doubt that a poet is infinitely better equipped than any millionaire to support the burdens of leisure to read the idyllic chapter devoted to a summer outing on Long Island.

Unless life in Russia is vastly different from life in the United States, Gorky has been guilty of filling our minds with sham romances of the road. Gorky's tramps flee complexity and find outside of society something of the simplicity for which they yearn. What Mr. Davies shows us on almost every page is the depressing complexity of a life that requires a special and highly developed technique, a technique quite as varied and difficult to master as that of most trades. Riding the rods, for example, is certainly no child's play, and yet that is only the least of the special dexterities and aptitudes required of the successful tramp. On the social side, a knack for popular psychology never of course comes amiss, and only a sense sharp-

ened by years of life in the underworld would enable a man to cope with the mysterious affiliations of finance and justice that Mr. Davies encountered in the jails of our Middle West. The details of fights and lynchings are set down in prose of an unimaginable placidity, and even the loss of a foot in a railway accident does not tempt Mr. Davies to raise his voice.

Mr. Davies is now an established poet, who no longer has to hawk his verses from door to door. His reputation, indeed, is considerable, and it may seem unfair to consider his first book of prose quite apart from his poetry. But if "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" has special interest, it is precisely because it shows how completely an unfamiliar medium may refract and distort the image of himself which a writer would convey. It is another lesson in sticking to one's last.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

### Heinrich Heine

POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE. Three Hundred and Twenty-five Poems Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. (Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.)

The test of every creation is the validity of the picture it evokes of the man who wrought it. Nothing in Rembrandt's paintings interests us quite so much as Rembrandt; the Fifth Symphony drives the listener back to Beethoven; the bitter beauty of Heine's lyrics dissolves into a portrait of that arresting phenomenon, the melancholy Jew, Heinrich Heine. And as an authentic translator is almost equally a creative artist, we seek to reconstruct him from the elements that compose his work. Mr. Untermeyer truly discloses himself as Heine's *Doppelgänger* in this volume, which serves at once as a monument to himself and to him whose poetry he presents in English. One hesitates to say "translates"; Grub Street has made the word odious.

It has been declared that a good translation is like rare wine poured from one bottle into another without the loss of a single drop. For myself, I do not think it can be done; I am content with the connoisseur who decants skilfully and refrains from adding water. With Mr. Untermeyer's Heine I feel that, though the bottle may not be full, it is all grape.

The automaton who gets his learning by the semesterful and at the end of four years receives a mental equilibrator in the form of a few letters of the alphabet attached to the end of his name is conscious of the precise

time and place of his introduction to the gods. It was as a Freshman under Smith that he first assisted in the autopsy on Shakespeare; as a Junior, with Brown as entrepreneur, he beheld Goethe pirouette behind the footlights. Others of us are less fortunate; beginnings are vague like the recollections of childhood, and our appreciation and love of the gods is permeative and without definite boundaries. So I do not remember when I did not know Heine, even though my capital may have been but a stanza or a winged word. But his spirit came to me truly through Schumann.

For a hundred years Heine has proved an irresistible temptation to song writers; his lyrics all but set themselves to music. I have a vague recollection of somebody with a passion for collecting useless information compiling a list of some 900 musical settings for "Du bist wie eine Blume," and that was ten or twenty years ago. But compared with the quality of the lyrics themselves the composer's work usually proves banal; writers of indifferent music are less likely to suffer from indecent exposure if they stick to inferior texts, for exalted words tend to disclose their nakedness. A Franz, a Schumann coupled with Heine exemplifies the true union described as "perfect music set to noble words." Schumann is Heine rewritten in terms of another art. The burst of spring in his conception of "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" and the poignant tragedy of his exquisitely simple musical duplication of "Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen" are such authentic counterparts of the poems (to choose but two from the jewel casket), that I cannot but feel that the baffling search for a standard by which to appraise the present version of the lyrics discloses none more trying than this music. The brilliance of Mr. Untermeyer's achievement is not dulled by the test; his English blends into Schumann as nicely as Schumann's music encompasses the German translations of Burns.

Heine's simplicity is a trap for the unwary; it is that of the bland conjurer who rolls up his sleeves to prove the impossibility of concealing a card. That simplicity is the art that conceals art and can be reproduced only by one who is a poet in his own right, responsive to the same medium and claiming the same racial background. It took a Jewish poet to translate the Jewish poet. It is so amazing that the task has been performed at all that, rather than chide Mr. Untermeyer for occasional liberties—as in "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" and "The Lesson"—one congratulates him upon his pronounced success

in not having had to take more. In many of the poems—the impish "Donna Clara" is a good example—he has translated almost literally and preserved the cadence which contributes so vitally to the effect.

Comment on the volume would be inadequate without reference to Mr. Untermeyer's scholarly (not academic) preface which, except for its failure to praise the translator, constitutes the best possible review of the work. So good is it that we forgive the writer for his reference to "the balance" of the poems—a violation of the rule laid down by Bryant when editor of the "Evening Post" and an "abomination," according to Richard Grant White—and the printer for his occasional in-souciance in sprinkling diacreses on the German first lines.

BENJAMIN W. HUEBSCH.

### Unquenchable Fires

I, MARY MACLANE. By Mary MacLane. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.40.)

Butte, Montana, returns to the map; Mary MacLane has written another book.

"Is it like the first?" you will ask. It is. "Is it as good—or as bad?" It is.

It is also named nearer to the heart's desire of the author. "The Story of Mary MacLane," dating some twelve years back, had its title imposed from without. But "I, Mary MacLane," the book of to-day, has surely been named from within.

One to whom editorial chance gave the opportunity of making public the first picture and the first biographical sketch of Butte's egoistic young sibyl could scarcely remain indifferent to her latest fluttering of leaves; old associations must be allowed to count.

The new book, like the other, consists of a series of set-pieces strewn over a palpitating field of passionall protoplasm,—just as king-crabs and quahaugs and jellyfish and other odd forms of life are strewn over the tide-bared mudflats of Long Island. The palpitant protoplasm, being constant, may be taken for granted; so one naturally fixes his attention on the set-pieces. Such things as ornamented the earlier book—things like "I Await the Devil's Coming," the famous "Litany" and the "Gray Dawn"—are duly succeeded by similar creations, such as the "Cold Boiled Potato," the "Helliad," the rhapsody on Keats, and the extraordinarily ingenious, fantastic, and poignant chapter on the visits of "My Soul." The best of these

*jeux d'artifice* show unmistakably the gains in experience and in skill made during the intervening years; they are rather better in themselves and rather better adjusted to their background. Yes, the web now spun by the Arachne of the Copper Hills is somewhat finer than the first one, and somewhat more delicate—even when indelicate.

As for the Mary MacLane of 1917, she is essentially the same creature as in 1905. The comet has returned, after many years in the dark void, with as much incandescence and momentum as ever. In a chronological review of the many Mary MacLanes,—for "Introspection" has wrapped our adventurer in a "Winding Sheet,"—we are told through what spaces the comet has journeyed during these years (and others), and we learn something of the various bodies—not always celestial—past which it has hurtled.

And to-day the skyey voyager sits "here this midnight in a neat blue chair in this Butte, Montana," with all the old hamperings still holding and all the old hankerings still unappeased, and pauses to consider her own representative quality. She is conscious of a legion of women of the same "psychic breed," who "may be sitting lonely in neat red or neat blue or neat gray or neat any-colored chairs" in Wichita, or South Bend, or Waco, or La Crosse, or in some other of many places, "each waiting, waiting always—waiting all her life—not hopeful and passionate like Eighteen, but patient or blasphemous or scornful or volcanic like Early-Thirty: . . . each more or less roundly hating" her Waco or Wichita, or whatever other place: "and each beset by hot unquiet humaneness inside her and an old yearn of sex and the blood warring with myriad minute tenets dating from civilization's dawn-times."

One may read the newer Mary MacLane and feel, after all these years,—save for a touch of impatience over a problem that remains static,—but little change of sentiment toward her. One is conscious, as before, of an admiring wonder at the power of her untamable and unclassifiable "call" to write, and at the amazing fashion in which, as a unique source of primary energy, she spins literature out of her very inner self; and one retains (whether impatience supervene or no) a disposition, while viewing the temerarious disclosures of this very special soul, to be a little tender and a little sorry. But perhaps Mary MacLane, world-weary and world-hardened, would not greatly thank one for being either.

HENRY B. FULLER.

#### NOTES ON NEW FICTION

In "Aurora the Magnificent," by Gertrude Hall (Century; \$1.40), the reader finds himself in Florence, consorting with the sophisticated Anglo-American colony. Aurora, with a maiden friend, descends on the American consul, wanting—said he to his wife—"Everything—quite frankly everything. They have grown tired of their hotel; they speak nothing but English and don't know a soul. They came to find out from me how to go about getting a house and servants, horses and carriages. . . ." "Did they think that was a part of a consul's duty?" commented his wife. "They didn't think. They cast themselves on the breast of a fellow-countryman. They caught at a plank." Thus having descended on the consul, Aurora proceeds to make herself the most conspicuous person in the story. She is the "real thing," in "United States," a jolly, blooming goddess of liberty, who, by grace of dimples, an unforgettable smile, and faith in God, finds her primitive idiom, her rib-poking humor, and her childlike innocence of convention accepted by the cultivated Florentines; the most fastidious and morbidly cynical aesthete of them all elopes with her. People who frankly enjoy love-mazes will like this story; it is written with grace and simplicity, and an honest insight into the thoughts and experiences with which most folk most of the time are engrossed. Those who yearn for light on the vaster perplexities of the human struggle *en masse*, might as well pass it by.

There is a certain type of mind inclined to devour greedily the species of fiction in which the characters talk "naturally." Smart conversation, flippant wit, brilliant epigram, it rejects, fearing and distrusting such dangerous and irritating condiments. A simple mental diet is preferred, one that edifies but does not unduly stimulate. Alas, that cleverness and sobriety so seldom meet and mingle. It is, of course, wise and right to prefer the meat and 'taters of literature to a prolonged feast of syllabub sallies. It is also human to yearn for a dash of humor, a grain of common sense to aid in the digestion of portentous problems set forth in the form of fiction. "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King (Harper; \$1.40), is not exactly a "problem" novel. It has, however, a purpose: it treats of sin. We know that in the first chapter. A veiled lady, suffering from remorse, visits a polite and mystified clergyman, explains that she is the sort of woman "called a sinner," and adds: "You know what that means?" He says he does. To and fro, round and round, in and out, up and down, over and over, sin is batted, upheld, excused, condemned, forgiven, discussed over tea cups and at dinner tables and almost anywhere. Sometimes we are astonished, but we are never allowed to be shocked. A spade is not too much of a spade, and white cotton gloves are worn when handling delicate subjects. We are sorry for the hero. He preached earnestly to everybody and everybody told him how good he was—even the heroine, and she said "extraordinarily good." He bore the infliction of goodness patiently, until he could stand no more, and in desperation, he cried



to all the world that he was but a man like other men. "Hush!" said everybody. The plot is not new. The clergyman fell in love with the sinner; she was touched; she preferred, however, a man she could not trample on. We did not find the man of her choice attractive, but we liked Mary Gal-loway. She did her duty as a matter of course and talked but little. A harmless book, carelessly constructed, somewhat verbose, and arriving nowhere in particular.

Says Rupert Hughes in his Foreword to "In a Little Town" (Harper; \$1.35): "A village is simply a quiet street in the big city of the world. Quaint, sweet happenings take place in the avenues most thronged, and desperate events come about in sleepy lanes. People are people, chance is chance." The promise is not fulfilled. The stories contain excellent material, hastily handled. These cheerful, ordinary, humanly vulgar folk fail to arouse interest because their creator writes of them but not for them. They are crude snapshots rather than artistic photographs. "And This is Marriage" strikes the highest note. In "Pain" there is power and pathos in spite of the lack of terseness and simplicity. There is humor of a kind. It is unnecessary to comment upon it.

After reading the first chapter of Mr. Alfred Tressider Sheppard's "The Rise of Ledger Dunstan," the reviewer said to herself, here is another leisurely chronicle of an Englishman, told in the customary realistic fashion, introducing the usual misunderstood, supersensitive child who develops great ability. Not so. Ledger Dunstan did not awake to find himself famous. He was detached. He despised religion. Morbid things attracted him; he was fascinated by sin, though he made no experiments in sowing wild oats. He liked "dead things." He wrote with some success, and his marriage, at the close of the book, appeared to please him. He met queer people more or less interesting. He was content to watch them and to speculate concerning life, death, and love. He had no fixed opinions. Other characters, however, suffered from an *idée fixe*, what may be called the Anti-Christ motif, on which they discourse at length. In brief, this is Tolstoy's prophecy of a "world-war, after which arose a man, who should hold the attention of the world for nine years . . . and another figure would arise, who should reconstruct society after the upheaval. There you have Anti-Christ, and possibly the Second Coming." Is Ledger Dunstan to be the Anti-Christ in the second book? The author promises us that we may continue the adventures of this vacillating gentleman in a volume entitled "The Quest of Ledger Dunstan." This also leaves one at sea as to whether the hero is to take part in the European conflict, to shirk and fail, to await the Second Coming, or to continue to be a detached spectator. So absorbed is Mr. Sheppard in this Anti-Christ motif that Ledger becomes more and more blurred in outline as the book proceeds. Frankly, it is a bit puzzling. Nevertheless, let us hope that the sequel may fulfil the promise of what seems to be the author's first book. It is interesting and has merit. (Appleton; \$1.50.)

The old Sunday-school book grown up hides itself between the covers of Kathleen Norris's latest work, "The Undertow." Vague recollections of the Elsie Books float through our minds as we read. But the moral now is, "Be poor and you'll be happy." The undertow of social strivings, the burning of the valuables, and the new and tender life in a garage might have been made fairly readable if Mrs. Norris had retained the freshness and vigor of her earlier writings. But it is all as flat and stale as yesterday's beer. Even the characters hardly live. They move vaguely across the screen in the all-too-well-known progress of their lives. If Mrs. Norris wishes to do any more moral tales, she must make them more vivid and alive or her readers will fly for relief to the latest detective story. (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25.)

Zephine Humphrey has written a very charming, if somewhat illogical, book in "Grail Fire." The theme is the spiritual struggle and development of a man and the woman he loves. His father's passionate love of beauty and his mother's stern Puritanism give him a peculiar temperament, which finds its complete satisfaction in the Catholic Episcopal Church. The author develops this idea so fully that it sounds rather illogical when she attempts to prove that the hero's church is the only one for the whole world, which obviously contains many puritanical mothers and pagan fathers. The love between the hero and the heroine develops from a tender boy-and-girl romance to the full-blown love of man and woman, which through religion is exalted to a mystical and wholly spiritual union. Miss Humphrey handles this theme, on the whole, very beautifully. Although "Grail Fire" may be a bit too idealistic for the average mortal, we predict that all the sixteen-year-olds in the land will find it absolutely true to life. (Dutton; \$1.50.)

The new novel by Louis Dodge, "Children of the Desert" (Scribner's; \$1.35), is a work of intense concentration and elimination. The bare story is told of a woman's enforced misfortune, of her concealment from her husband of her past life, and of the husband's consequent disillusionment and ruin. Into it the author has introduced but little that is extraneous, and still more unusual, but little that is purely sentimental. That little is to be deplored, as well as the looseness of style, which is inconsistent with the clear-cut outlines of the story. But one finds reason for rejoicing in a novel so full of truthful evaluation, and of the real stuff of story-telling. It is grim, almost sordid in spots; but it is, after all, real. The setting is the Mexican border; the woman, Sylvia, "a daughter of the desert—a bit of that jetsam which the Rio Grande leaves upon its arid banks as it journeys stealthily to the sea"; the man, Harboro, an honest, hard-working sort with sensibilities above his conventionality of outlook; the tragedy, the conflict between his deep if somewhat conventional nobility, and his wife's wandering affections. That Harboro and Sylvia are inherently and eternally one does not appear to them until after the occurrence of the ultimate tragedy, and it is doubtful after all if that con-

viction could have overridden the sense of injury and the inevitable suspicions of the future. Here is the point at which the author shows his strength, in refusing to turn aside from truth to character for the sake of a speciously happy ending. He has shown in this latest novel an underlying strength and determination that ought to carry him a long way, and that should also lead him to overcome the looseness of writing that is such a blot upon his careful structure.

There is a certain sentimental intimacy that some authors affect in relation to their characters that is more repulsive than the most outspoken language of your Fieldings or your Smolletts. Cosmo Hamilton, in "Joan and the Babies and I" (Little, Brown; \$1), taking on the guise of a middle-aged seeker after matrimony—an author—remarks, "A pencil, a block, and sincerity—that's all I needed for my job"; but the result of this sincerity closely resembles the production of the famous movie-queen who "projected her very soul upon the screen" and proved it to be a thing of slight edification. Were there only the possibility of his being insincere, one might more easily forgive this master of the protracted brevity in which "I was hers, and she was mine, and that was all." Condemned by his own confession, he stands as an exemplar of that lack of reticence—or lack of frankness, it is hard to say which—that is the besetting sin of American literature.

Red-bloodedness is not the prevailing fault of modern fiction. The average would-be thriller is, on the contrary, of the order of "The Tiger's Coat," by Elizabeth Dejeans (Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.50), which is a rather lifeless affair of good promise and of weak fulfilment. The fact is that modern authors, like modern playwrights, afraid of alienating the sympathies of their public, have a consequent horror of depraved heroines or of heroes that lack the sensibilities of an eighteenth century female, and turn out "sensational" novels incapable of turning the hair of a ten-year-old. Marie Ogilvie bears as much resemblance to a household cat as to the tiger which advertises the book, and the story itself may be described as a series of anticlimaxes.

The hero of "The Highwayman," by H. C. Bailey (Dutton; \$1.50), is of the type that the Baroness Orczy delights in drawing—imperturbable, expressionless, of an ironical turn of mind, and possessed of depths which a woman's charm alone can stir. In the generation of Harry Boyce these qualities cried out for adventure and romance, for it was also the generation of the "good" Queen Anne, of the Pretender, and of the great Duke of Marlborough. With all these did our hero have dealings, but more especially was he lured by the charms of the wayward Alison, whom fate and the impulse of a moment had given him to wife. No common pair was this, and no common tale is Mr. Bailey's. The author is evidently well acquainted with the work of the novelists and the playwrights of the eighteenth century, and his wit is more after the manner of Fielding or of Wycherley than of the later and the modern historical sentimentalists. "The Highwayman" is a good brisk story for those not too squeamish.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

CICERO: A Sketch of His Life and Works.

By Hannis Taylor. McClurg; \$3.50.

Mr. Hannis Taylor is well known as a constitutional lawyer and a writer of scholarly standing on the English and American constitutions and related subjects. It was in recognition of such standing that he served the country for a time, under appointment of President Cleveland, as Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain; for we do occasionally fill such positions with men of conspicuous fitness for the work to be done. Mr. Taylor was educated on the broad lines which were a little more generally in vogue in his younger days than at present, and so his studies in the modern foliage and fruitage of constitutional law are based on a considerable knowledge of the roots of this tree, lying back in the mould of Greek and Roman antiquity. No really educated student of law fails of an interest in Cicero, and to Mr. Taylor the great orator and statesman of the expiring Roman republic has always been one of the supremely attractive figures of the ancient Mediterranean world. But no man can study Cicero apart from Rome, and so he has made his book, as indicated by its secondary title, "a commentary on the Roman constitution and Roman public life." The last 150 pages of the volume are given to an extensive collection of noteworthy quotations from Cicero's writings, the original text followed in each case by an English rendering. There are thus three aspects of Mr. Taylor's work to be considered: his appreciation of Cicero as a man, his presentation of the Roman constitution, and the adequacy of his "anthology" of quotations. In dealing with Cicero as a man, Mr. Taylor writes from an entirely sympathetic point of view, yielding in no particular to the Drumann-Mommsen assault, which is now very generally regarded as having injured the fame of two eminent German historians far more than that of Cicero. What appeals most strongly to Mr. Taylor in Cicero's life and writings is the moral element, to which, of course, he concedes a genuine sincerity, while admitting the occasional failure of the philosopher to hold his life up to the level of his creed. One feels a more appreciative sympathy in that respect after reading the touching correspondence with Servius Sulpicius Rufus which followed the death of Cicero's beloved daughter, Tullia, in which the ability and duty to bear up manfully under affliction was in question. These two letters ought to find a place in full in any life of Cicero, but Mr. Taylor quotes only a brief fragment from each. One cannot read far into the private correspondence of Cicero without conviction of his intense "humanness," in the most modern connotation of the term, as well as his statelier Roman *humanitas*. As to Cicero's moral position, Mr. Taylor's main thesis is that "when the great orator laid down the dexterous arts of the advocate and assumed the stern moral and patriotic duties of the statesman, he at the same time put aside the quibbling skepticism of the Academy for the lofty precepts of the new world-religion known as stoi-

cism, by which the jurists of Rome became completely enthralled." Objectors may quote largely from Cicero himself in opposition to this, but they will hardly succeed in showing that it did not represent the deeper tendencies of Cicero's mind. It need not be said, and the author of course does not say, that Cicero was the man to work out and adhere to a complete and self-consistent philosophical platform. There were interesting and important characteristics in Cicero's life which receive little or no attention at Mr. Taylor's hands, but it was only to be expected that his particular point of view would determine his selection and emphasis. He did not commit himself to an exhaustive treatment of the subject. As "a commentary on the Roman constitution," the book is not adequate. Of course it is illuminating in what it attempts, but the title would naturally lead one to expect much more than one finds. One may read it through with all care and still have no adequate theoretical conception of the Roman constitution as a whole, no complete, detailed knowledge of even any single one of its various parts, and no very clear idea of its practical administration. Much of it will hardly yield its meaning to the reader who has not gone pretty deeply into the subject in the works of other writers. In view of Mr. Taylor's other achievements in constitutional-history writing, one is forced to the view that the subtitle in this case was chosen without due reflection as to what it would seem to promise, and that there was no real intention to give anything like a complete presentation of the Roman constitutional system. The Ciceronian "anthology" with which the book closes was a project so well worth while that it should have been based upon a very thorough and independent rereading of Cicero's entire works. As it stands, much of the material has been picked up from secondary sources, with a certain amount of annoying and unnecessary repetition, and displaying various grades of skill, or want of skill, in translation. Still, one will not open these selections at any point without proof that he is in contact with an alert, noble, and versatile mind, occupying itself with the problems not of the moment but of all times and of all men.

CAMPAIGN DIARY OF A FRENCH OFFICER. By Sous-Lieutenant René Nicholas. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

If we are to believe the author, this book was jotted down page by page on troop trains, in country inns, in the trenches, and partly also perhaps on a hospital cot. An intrusive friend explains, half apologetically, in the preface, that it is without those literary flourishes that it would have been so easy to add *après coup*. Such spiritual obtuseness is worse than immorality. If the French do not soon learn that their magnificent tradition is in danger of becoming bankrupt through sheer triviality, their literature will cease to interest the rest of the world. To polish sentences in which one speaks of the most intimate abominations of slaughter and of the continuing nightmare of life in a country bursting with corpses and filled with insanity and disease, is a task for romantic children perhaps but not for

men. Happily René Nicholas was better inspired; his book is everywhere simple, frank, humane. He gives you a bit of the war as the man in the trenches sees it, not the disillusioned and weary veteran, but the recruit filled with the traditional French idea of glory and devotion to his country. M. Nicholas began his campaigning in the mud of Champagne, and his diary traces his adventures up to May 9, 1915, when he fell, seriously wounded, between the French and the German lines during the Artois offensive. The account of this terrible adventure, when he found himself shot down in the cross-fire of the two armies and had to drag himself inch by inch toward a shell crater, into which he tumbled to wait, with other wretches, until the coming of the dark, gives one a fresh sense of the degree to which this war has made the horrible commonplace. One cannot suppose that M. Nicholas's experience or his fortitude is at all unusual. Such daily horrors must be the very stuff of life to thousands. To read of them, thus calmly set down, is to realize once more what an adaptable creature man is and to be filled with wonder that the mere threat of hell should have tortured his imagination for ages.

THE HUMAN DRIFT. By Jack London. Macmillan; \$1.25.

Jack London was consistently the man of action. That is given both positive and negative proof in "The Human Drift." The bulk of the book is taken up by five sketches of adventures in which the author figures as the hero. Where he is concerned, adventure never has to come all the way; quite the contrary, indeed, for so great is his appetite for it that he seeks it wherever it may still be found—in Quito, Ecuador, or the South Sea Islands. A sailor on a big ocean liner is not a sailor to him. He must know how to sail a small boat along the Pacific Coast and up its rivers before London will grant him recognition. Again, not for him the malodorous gasoline car to tour California, but four horses and a light rig. If the horses have to be trained to pull together and taught not to bite each other or kick or sit down on the harness at hairpin turns in the road—well, so much the better. While reading these tales, it is brought fully home to one what a *multum in parvo* his life was—a pitiful shortness packed full by his boyish eagerness. The article which lends its name to the book is a short essay on economics, and London does just what you would expect from a man of his type. He produces his figures and expects them to be final, when, as a matter of fact, figures are most deceitful, as many statisticians have learned to their sorrow. Moreover, he settles the whole question summarily. In twenty-seven pages he disposes of the wanderings of the human race on the earth, the question of the population's pressing against the subsistence line, and of the earth's becoming too cold for human existence. He adopts the theory of Malthus quite uncritically. In speculating on the end of the world, London introduces Spencer's theory of alternate eras of Evolution and Dissolution into his short discussion, and here he is finally led to evolve and give us his personal



philosophy. "In eternity which is beyond our comprehension, the particular evolution of that solar satellite we call the 'Earth' occupied but a slight fraction of time. And of that fraction of time man occupies but a small portion. . . For us who live, no worse can happen than has happened to the earliest drifts of man. . . There is nothing terrible about it. With Richard Hovey, when he faced his death, we can say: 'Behold! I have lived!' And with another and greater one, we can lay ourselves down with a will. The one drop of living, the one taste of being, has been good; and perhaps our greatest achievement will be that we dreamed immortality, even though we failed to realise it." Thus London portrays himself: the man of action, the lover of adventure, the self-made philosopher, who is not afraid of danger or death.

**BUDDHA AND THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHISM.** By Ananda Coomaraswamy. Putnam's; \$3.75.

Ever since the foundation of the science of comparative religions, scholars have turned with especial interest to the religious history of India. We now have many valuable works describing the religions of that country in a scholarly fashion, but the book before us is not one of them. In fact, there is nothing scholarly about this book; as a contribution to scientific knowledge, it is nil. Its accounts of the legendary life of Gautama and his teaching, the discussions of the contemporary religious systems of India and of the later developments of Buddhism, as well as the concluding chapters on Buddhist art, are all a hotch-potch of quotations from modern scholars. Whole pages are copied word for word from Oldenberg and the Rhys Davids, while even the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is freely drawn upon. If one wishes to get a general view of Buddhism, he will do better to turn to any popular manual, say the one by Mrs. Rhys Davids in the "Home University Library," which is far better than the present work, and only costs one-seventh as much. But the author frankly admits that his work is not designed as "an addition to our already overburdened libraries of information, but as a definite contribution to the philosophy of life." It is not as a scholar, but as a missionary that he writes this book for us, and the book is confessedly a work of propaganda. As an argument for Buddhism, it is not particularly convincing, but for people who like that kind of thing, it may be just the kind of thing they like. But the mere fact that such books make their appearance and even succeed in attracting a certain amount of attention is in itself profoundly significant: it illustrates in a striking manner a tendency of our civilization. Parallels between Rome in the centuries immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ, and western Europe in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are by no means lacking. The old Roman social organization had broken down, and then as now men were eagerly seeking a new one. Many of the faults of our present civilization were not lacking then: the imperialism and war, the enormous fortunes, the idle and sometimes vicious upper classes, the wide

divergence between the upper and lower classes, the frequent divorces, the immigration of large numbers of foreigners. In fine, the semi-anarchy of the two epochs has frequently been commented upon. In their religious history, the two periods are just as much alike. In Rome the traditional beliefs had been pretty generally discarded. Some people, such as the Stoics, tried to "modernize" the old religion; others, such as the Epicureans, took refuge in a materialistic philosophy. Neo-Platonism and Gnosticism became widely popular, each showing startling resemblances to modern Christian Science. And finally new religions were imported wholesale; Oriental cults, such as those of Isis, Attis and Adonis, Mithraism and Judaism, all found converts; then as now, Buddhism was offered as a solution of the religious problem. But none of these was destined to a great success. The religion which finally won the Roman world was not a foreign cult nor an esoteric philosophy, but Christianity, which, during the first two centuries of its existence, resembled the Socialist Party more than any other modern organization. Of course, the early Christians always showed themselves willing to borrow freely from these other religions and philosophies: some of the Fathers, such as Origen, were closer to the Neo-Platonists than to the Gospels, it seems; Gnosticism entered the church with St. Paul, "the greatest of the Gnostics" (Reitzenstein); the first generation of Christians adopted rites of baptism and a sacramental meal from contemporary cults; even in the Gospel of John we find the Greek idea of immortality invoked to explain statements of Jesus in regard to the material and earthly Messianic Kingdom which he expected. But in spite of all of this syncretism, Christianity never was a foreign cult; it was and remained a religion of the Roman Empire and for the Roman Empire—it was only after the Reformation that the Germanic races really found themselves at home in it. In the Christianity of Augustine we find the final working out of the religious genius of the Roman people, not a foreign cult to which they had turned. Perhaps this religious development of Imperial Rome may have a lesson for us to-day. He would indeed be rash who prophesied as to the religious future of our country, but we may at least hope that now as then religious chaos will ultimately come to an end. It is safe to say, moreover, that when this does come about, it will not be through the acceptance of some ready-made religion from Europe, Asia, or Africa, but through the gradual creation of a religion on our part, just as one was created out of the life-blood of the people of the Roman Empire. It is hard to see a brilliant future for Buddhism in America.

**ENGLAND'S WORLD EMPIRE.** Some Reflections upon its Growth and Policy. By Alfred Hoyt Granger. Open Court; \$1.50.

"The one object of this book" says its author toward the end, "is to call the attention of its readers to what has been Great Britain's policy towards foreign nationalities for the past three hundred years, to urge caution before deciding to

irrevocably tie ourselves up to her or to any one power." England's imperial policy, strong and successful, but not over-scrupulous, is instructively sketched, and a word of warning is incidentally uttered against espousing any cause supported by despotic Russia. Also it is asserted that we "have been most severe in our treatment of German infringements of international law." All this and much else show the temper of the book—which is intended to be, and generally is, fair and open-minded and chary of expression of personal bias. But important history has been making in the short time since it was written, and its well-meant caution comes too late. Therefore it is to be valued rather as a survey of the past than as a warning to which this country can now give heed in shaping its future course. Certain English war articles, now suppressed by the government, are appended.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayàn Louise Redfield. Putnam; \$3.50.

Fabre d'Olivet died in 1825. At no time have orthodox scholars taken him and his attempts to recover what is called the ancient wisdom seriously. His theories, however, have been popularized by M. Edouard Schurer in his cinematic survey of religions, "*Les Grands Initiés*," and have had considerable success. For readers of English who prefer to take Fabre d'Olivet in his own version, Miss Redfield translated some years ago his principal work, "*The Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man*," and she now gives us the present volume with its imposing title, "*The Golden Verses of Pythagoras Explained and Rendered into French and Preceded by a Discourse on the Essence and Form of Poetry among the Principal Peoples of the Earth*." His translation of the verses proper into what he calls "eumolpiques," unrhymed alexandrines with alternate masculine and feminine endings, has not yet revolutionized French poetry as he hoped. His erudition is indeed "disconcerting." We are disappointed that he does not settle once and for all the question of why Pythagoras advised his disciples to abstain from beans, though he does tell us that the sage himself was never a prig about it, and made at least a show of tasting not beans alone but even meat and wine when they were set before him. We may gather from this that the taboo was not meant to be taken literally. According to Fabre d'Olivet the ancients hid their unearthly knowledge about life and the gods from all but the initiate, veiling it in words of double meaning, in symbols and allegories, that it might not fall into the hands of fools and knaves. He excuses himself for trying to reveal these mysteries on the ground that secrecy is no longer necessary; skepticism being so general in the modern world and fools and knaves so sure they know all there is to know that, no matter how plainly stated, knowledge escapes them.

#### BRIEFER MENTION

Mr. O. W. Smith, in his "*Trout Lore*" (Stokes; \$2), differs from most recent writers on trout fishing in giving much attention to the less conventional methods, such as fishing at night, baiting with worms and with grasshoppers, and fishing with a deeply sunken fly. In discussing these, he defends his sportsmanship in a way that almost suggests a guilty conscience, and sometimes he is not quite happy in his argument. "That one method of fishing is in itself more sportsmanlike than another is a fallacy," is a rash statement unless well qualified. The remark that when using a spinner "Wherever the battle is fought, it usually ends in the angler's favor" would be equally true of taking trout with shotgun or net. But the ethics of fishing is a matter of spirit rather than of set rule, and no one who reads the whole book, especially the concluding chapters on "*The Empty Creel and the Full*" and "*The Fascination of Trout Fishing*," will be likely to question that the author is a sportsman at heart. Why, then, does the gentleman protest so much? An interesting feature of the book is the classification of trout according to habitat. In the chapter on "*The Trout in the Pan*" are some promising recipes for brook-side cooking that tempt to experiment this spring.

"*Human Welfare Work in Chicago*" will be a valuable handbook for those interested in gaining a bird's-eye view of the many activities which a modern city carries on for the benefit of its family. No doubt the American city yet lacks many of those municipal qualities which make urban life abroad so attractive, but the foundations are being laid for a future which will be far more cosmopolitan than the average citizen realizes. It is not until one comes upon the full list of municipal activities, as in such a volume as the present, that the scope and significance of that future are possible of realization. The volume is edited by Colonel H. C. Carbaugh, of the South Park Commission, and contains chapters on the following aspects of civic life: art, compiled by the editor; music, by Karleton Hackett; public schools, by John D. Shoop; the public library, by Henry E. Legler; parks and boulevards, by J. F. Neil; public recreation, by John R. Richards, and summaries of philanthropic work, the work of religious organizations, and neighborhood work. The volume contains much statistical information and is amply illustrated. (McClurg; \$1.50.)

The essays of William James are so stimulating that it is well to make them readily available in attractive form. The little volume, "*On Vital Reserves*," contains the "*Energies of Men*," which discusses the relation between the mental output and the reservoir of supply, as it is drawn upon by the stimuli of interest and excitement. With this essay is included the "*Gospel of Relaxation*" from the "*Talks to Teachers*," which shows that mere absorption of energy leads to tension rather than efficiency, and that the human machine must have vents as well as periods of release. Both statements are models of expression. They deserve the wider circulation which, in this form, they promise to attain. (Holt; 50 cts.)

## NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The sale of the library of the late Samuel H. Austin of Philadelphia at the American Art Galleries, New York, on April 23 and 24 brought a number of high prices. The grand total for the three sessions was \$58,323.50. George D. Smith paid the record price, \$4500, for the finest known copy of the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" in the original parts, with all wrappers and advertisements, uncut, London, 1836-37, the Captain R. J. H. Douglas copy, which was bought by Charles Sessler of Philadelphia for Mr. Austin at auction in London three years ago. Mr. Smith also gave \$3650 for a series of sixteen original drawings in sepia by George Cruikshank for William Combe's "Life of Napoleon," one of the most important series of finished drawings by Cruikshank ever offered for sale.

Gabriel Weis obtained for \$2500 the John B. Gough and M. C. D. Borden collection of Cruikshankiana, comprising almost 3800 etchings, woodcuts, lithographs, etc., a number signed by Cruikshank, articles, essays, newspaper clippings and other material bound by the Club Bindery in twenty-six thick folio volumes, the most complete collection of its kind that has ever been brought to America, and, now that the famous Truman and Douglas collections have been dispersed, the most valuable of its kind in the world, not even excepting the large and important collection in the British Museum. Gough, the temperance lecturer, was an intimate friend of Cruikshank, and a frequent visitor at his home. Mr. Weis also paid \$2100 for the English translation of Grimm's "German Popular Stories" with illustrations by George Cruikshank, first issue of the first edition, two volumes, London, 1823-26, generally considered to be the finest copy known, from Captain Douglas's library, and used by him in the collation of the "Bibliography of George Cruikshank." Mr. Weis obtained for \$1500 the rare original issue of the burletta by Charles Dickens, "The Strange Gentleman," London, 1837, in the original printed wrappers and with the frontispiece by "Phiz." It was first performed at the St. James's Theatre, September 29, 1836.

The first issue of the first edition of William M. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," in the original parts, with all wrappers and advertisements, uncut, believed to be the finest copy of this work that has ever been offered for sale at auction in America, went to Gabriel Weis for \$2150. George D. Smith paid \$1975 for probably the only uncut copy known of "The Snob," Cambridge, 1829, to which Thackeray contributed a parody of Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," the poem "To Genevieve," some of the advertisements and several letters signed "Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom." Mr. Patterson gave \$500 for a series of nine original unpublished drawings by Thackeray for "Kickleburys on the Rhine." They are bound in a volume by Riviere, and are authenticated by Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter.

Other items went as follows:

Autograph document signed by William Penn, relating to the troublesome times between the provinces of Pennsylvania and Maryland, Charles Sessler \$220; autograph letter signed by George Washington, Mount Vernon, August 17, 1799, Gabriel Weis \$150; "Real Life in Ireland," rare first edition, London, 1821, with illustrations by Henry Alken and others, George D. Smith \$230.

The second part of the library of the late Joseph B. Learmont, of Montreal, Canada, which was sold at the Anderson Galleries on April 16, 17, 18, and 19 brought a total of \$14,052.40. The grand total for Parts I and II is \$27,684.85. The second part was notable for the large number of Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, and Prayer Books. G. A. Baker & Co. paid \$137.50 and \$120 for two imperfect copies of the first edition of the Bible in English printed at Zurich by Christopher Froschouer in 1535. No perfect copy is in existence. R. H. Dodd gave \$125 for a copy of the "Bug Bible," London, 1549, which came from the Henry Huth library. The first issue of the first edition to the "He" Bible, London, 1611, went to George D. Smith for \$127.50. He also paid \$590 for eleven leaves of the extremely rare "Biblia Pauperum," published in Holland, 1460, and \$117.50 for a translation of the "Bear Bible" in Spanish, printed at Basel in 1569. Yale University gave \$205 for a Leipzig 1913-14 reprint of the famous Gutenberg Bible. Mr. Smith obtained for \$100 the "Book of Common Prayer," London, 1586, commonly known as "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book."

The library of the late E. G. Squier, scientist, and other books were sold at the Anderson Galleries on April 23 and 24. The total was \$2370.65. "East-Hampton (Long Island) Book of Laws, June 24, 1665," reprinted in 1798, went to George D. Smith for \$100. He also gave \$65 for the scarce first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Brooklyn, 1855.

Historical relics of George Washington, inherited and collected by William Lanier Washington, the great-great-grandson of Colonel William Augustine Washington, the eldest of the first President's nephews, were sold on the evening of April 19 at the Anderson Galleries, New York. Among them were the wedding ring of Washington's mother and a portrait of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, which so far as known has never been reproduced. Both went to George D. Smith for \$600 and \$950, respectively.

At the same place on the same evening were sold original documents, autograph letters, and printed drafts of the Constitution of the United States, 1787, preserved by George Mason of Virginia, a member of the Convention and in the handwriting of Mason, Edmund Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, and Edward Rutledge. The proceedings of the Federal Convention were secret, and at its dissolution all the official papers, except the Journals, were burned, and many of the members destroyed their notes. Two drafts of the Constitution were printed secretly during the debates for the confidential use of the members. Very few copies have survived. Both of these



drafts are in the Mason collection, and their interest and importance are greatly enhanced by the manuscript notes in his handwriting. The third draft was in the final form as adopted. Mason did not sign the final draft, as he was dissatisfied with the extended and indefinite powers that were conferred on Congress and the President. The first draft was bought by W. P. Perkins for \$650 and the second was knocked down to Lathrop C. Harper for \$900.

Consigned for sale the same evening by John McHenry, of Baltimore, Md., were the unpublished diary of James McHenry in the Constitutional Convention, and a miniature of Washington painted by William Birch. They were obtained by Mr. Johnson for \$1400 and \$2400, respectively. McHenry was a delegate to the Convention from Maryland. He reports a meeting of the Maryland delegates, Carroll, Jenifer, McHenry, Mercer, and Martin.

I saw Mr. Mercer make out a list of members' names, who had attended or were attending in convention, with 'for' and 'against' marked opposite most of them—asked carelessly what question occasioned his being so particular, upon which he told me laughingly that it was no question but that those marked with 'for' were for a king. I then asked him how he knew that, to which he said 'no matter, the thing is so!'

Gouverneur Morris held in the Convention that if the right of suffrage were given to all freemen the government would undoubtedly become an aristocracy, since it would put it in the power of men whose business created numerous dependents. Dr. Benjamin Franklin also spoke on the subject.

He observed that in time of war a country owed much to the lower class of citizens. Our late war was an instance of what they could suffer and perform. If denied the right of suffrage it would debase their spirit and detach them from the interest of the country. One thousand of our seamen were confined in English prisons—had bribes offered them to go on board English vessels which they rejected.

The total for the relics, autograph letters, manuscripts, etc., was \$29,594.

The library of the late J. Harsen Purdy of New York, former member of the Grolier Club and the Society of Iconophiles, was sold at the American Art Galleries in that city on April 10, 11, and 12. Included in it were numerous examples of Elizabethan, Georgian, and Victorian lyric and dramatic literature. Gabriel Wels paid \$1140 for a set of the works of Charles Dickens, mostly first editions, fifty-six volumes uniformly bound by Stikeman. They are mainly bound from the original parts or choice copies. In some cases they are extra-illustrated by series of plates by F. W. Pailthorp and other artists. It is considered one of the finest sets ever offered at public sale in America. Miss Helen Landford gave \$180 for the "Fables of Aesop" and John Gay's "Fables," London, 1793, four volumes in binding by Matthews. "Recreation with the Muses," by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, first edition, London, 1637, in binding by Riviere, with the rare portrait of the author by William Marshall, went to James F. Drake for \$460. George D. Smith obtained for \$250 "England's Parnassus, or The Choysest

Flowers of our Moderne Poets," edited by Robert Allot, the first edition of the first poetical anthology of English literature, London, 1600, in binding by Francis Bedford.

Mr. Purdy's print collection and masterpieces by Whistler and Haden were sold at the American Art Galleries on the evenings of April 10 and 11. A. Hahlo & Co. paid the American record price of \$2300 for Albrecht Durer's "St. Jerome in His Cell," engraved after his own design in 1514 and signed with his monogram. James F. Drake gave \$1225 for the same artist's "Knight, Death and the Devil," engraved after his own design in 1513 and signed with his monogram. A. Strolin obtained for \$1225 the same artist's "Coat of Arms with a Skull," called also the "Coat of Arms of Death," and "The Dying Bride." It is engraved after his own design in 1503, and signed with his monogram. M. Knoedler & Co. paid \$950 for Charles Meryon's etching "La Galerie, Notre Dame," the view described by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris." A. Strolin gave \$1100 for an unsigned etching by Rembrandt van Rijn, "A View of Amsterdam." The grand total for the prints was \$40,796.

Part V of the library of James Carleton Young of Minneapolis, Minn., was sold at the Anderson Galleries on April 11 and 12 and brought a total of \$3547.45. The grand total for the five parts of the library is \$33,210.25.

First editions, autograph letters, and association books, including many items of great rarity, brought \$9890 at a sale by Scott & O'Shaughnessy at the Collectors' Club, 30 E. 42nd St., New New City, on April 12. George D. Smith paid \$1010 for a first edition of "The Embargo," by William Cullen Bryant, Boston, 1808. This poem, written when Bryant was thirteen years of age, was inspired by the anti-Jeffersonian Federalism prevalent in New England at the time. Only five or six copies are known to exist. The Robert Hoe example sold for more than \$3000. Mr. Smith also gave \$400 for "Popular Considerations on Homoeopathia," by William C. Bryant, New York, 1841, the rarest of his writings, no other copy being known to exist; \$825 each for presentation copies by Charles Dickens to Prof. C. C. Felton, of Harvard, of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Oliver Twist"; \$710 for a presentation copy by Dickens to Prof. Felton of "American Notes for General Circulation," first edition; \$320 for a letter by Dickens, of about 1300 words, London, March 2, 1843, referring to Prof. Felton's article on "American Notes" in the "North American Review"; \$200 for a Dickens letter, of about 1750 words, Broadstairs, Kent, Sept. 1, 1843, referring to "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "American Notes"; and \$105 for a Dickens letter, London, May 22, 1858, speaking of his domestic troubles. Robert H. Dodd paid \$400 for a Dickens letter, Jan. 2, 1844, of about 1000 words, referring to unfriendly notices in the American newspapers. George D. Smith obtained for \$205 a transcription wholly in Dickens's hand of "The Death of Little Nell," presentation copy, dated June 20, 1859.

The autograph collection belonging to Dr. Charles E. Rice, of Alliance, O., was sold on April 13, by Stan. V. Henkels at 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The highest price was \$970, paid by Gabriel Weiss for a series of sixty-five autograph letters, between June 5, 1796, and Dec. 25, 1825, written by Thomas Jefferson to Charles Willson Peale. The contents show Jefferson as a gentleman-farmer, naturalist, inventor, and educator. L. F. Bamberger, of Newark, N. J., gave \$330 for an autograph letter by Arthur Middleton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is dated April 16, 1762. A rare letter by John Blair, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was sold for \$130. A letter written by George Washington, while President, to Governor Arthur St. Clair, dated Jan. 2, 1791, relating to the Northwest Territory, went to P. F. Madigan of New York for \$55. Mr. Madigan also bought a legal manuscript in the handwriting of Alexander Hamilton for \$90. J. M. Fox, of Philadelphia, paid \$65 for a fine letter of John Brown, "Old Osawattomie," dated Bunville, June 7, 1854, and addressed to Simon Perkins, relative to selling wool and purchasing cattle.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor:

A bibliography of the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is practically complete and ready for the printer save for one minor point. On behalf of the compiler I am venturing to ask if any of your readers have information which would throw light on the point in question.

In a letter addressed to H. S. Boyd and written about the end of January 1843, Miss Barrett says: "I send you the magazines which I have just received from America, and which contain, one of them, 'The Cry of the Human,' and the other four of my sonnets. My correspondent tells me that the 'Cry' is considered there one of the most successful of my poems, but you probably will not think so." (Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Ed. by F. G. Kenyon, N. Y., 1898. Vol. 1, p. 120.)

In the "Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Cambridge Edition, edited by Harriet Waters Preston, "The Cry of the Human," appears on pages 167-169, with the bibliographical note: "First Printed in *Graham's American Magazine*, 1842." A page by page examination of *Graham's Magazine* for the year 1842 fails to reveal this poem, but the December issue does contain on page 303 the four sonnets referred to by Miss Barrett. An editorial note on page 343 says: "In this number will be found a series of sonnets by Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett, among the first of her contributions to any American periodical."

The undersigned has searched all the American general and literary periodicals published in 1842 which are accessible to him at this moment, but has failed to trace the one in which "The Cry of the Human" first appeared. It is the name, date, place, and issue of this periodical which is particularly desired by the compiler of the above mentioned bibliography. The information besides being important bibliographically is not without value as literary history, and any assistance or suggestion that would lead to securing it would be greatly appreciated.

W. N. C. CARLTON, Librarian.

The Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois.

### "The Greatest Book Produced by the War" WHY MEN FIGHT By Bertrand Russell

Wherein a profound and passionately sincere thinker searches out the deep-lying causes of war in human nature itself, and sets forth them and a remedial mode of living with a clearness and simplicity that is proof against misunderstanding, and with a beauty and eloquence that are positively thrilling.

*The New Republic* says: "Here is a human being who has brought to the consideration of the war an intellect of extraordinary scrupulousness, an imagination penetrated with consciousness of human values, a broad and serious sense of responsibility, a complete emancipation from personal motives and a complete independence of class and party and creed. . . . To read 'Why Men Fight' with any sympathy is to be entranced by the honesty, the concentration, the intelligence, the equilibrium of its author. . . . The principles of democracy and liberty are absolutely his principles."

Published by *The Century Co., New York*, and sold at all bookstores. 4th edition. Price \$1.50

### The Case for America's New Pioneers THE IMMIGRANT AND THE COMMUNITY By Grace Abbott

What shall we do about the immigrant? This question touches every one, native or foreign born, in America. The problem will become of vital importance to the United States at the close of the European War.

Miss Abbott is a resident in Hull House, a director of the Immigrants' Protective League, and a member of various organizations studying the problem of the immigrant as a social and economic factor in American life. She speaks, therefore, with authority founded on intimate knowledge of the facts, and with a vitalizing sympathy for these misunderstood strangers as they blunder about in a strange land.

Published by *The Century Co., New York*, and sold at all bookstores. Price \$1.50

### To Transform an Institution into Life EDUCATION AND LIVING By Randolph Bourne

The problem of American education to-day is to transform an institution into life. This simple statement of the tremendous subject of education, the importance of which is universally recognized, is the keynote to a series of constructive studies of methods and attitudes in our school and college systems. Mr. Bourne, the most brilliant American educational critic of the younger generation, points out the inadequacy of the "puzzle education" and the "wasted years" of grammar school. He analyzes in detail the new "Gary Schools," in which children learn to think, feel and act as a community of interested workers. A concluding chapter treats of the widely discussed Flexner experiment just begun at Teachers College in New York City.

Published by *The Century Co., New York*, and sold at all bookstores. Price \$1.25



## SOME IMAGIST POETS — 1917



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### NOTES AND NEWS

Of the contributors to the present issue of THE DIAL, H. M. Kallen, Randolph Bourne, and Henry B. Fuller are Contributing Editors.

Herbert Ellsworth Cory belongs to the group of younger American writers who are keenly interested in social and industrial problems.

Conrad Aiken has attracted attention by the vigor and originality shown in his two books of verse. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

"Vindex" is the pseudonym of an eminent German scholar and writer who has recently come to America to live.

Sibley Watson, after studying at Harvard and spending some time abroad, is now devoting himself to writing.

Benjamin W. Huebsch, now a New York publisher, was formerly well known as a music critic.

The profits from the sale of "Women of Belgium," by Charlotte Kellogg, which has just been published by Funk & Wagnalls, are to be given to the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

A new novel by Ernest Poole, entitled "His Family," is announced by the Macmillan Company for publication May 16th. The theme concerns the home, motherhood, children, and the school.

A new volume on the continental stage, by Barrett H. Clark, is announced for publication early in June by the Stewart & Kidd Co. The work is called "The European Theories of the Drama."

The Reilly & Britton Company announce the early publication of a farce, "Lend Me Your Name," by Francis Perry Elliott, whose "Pals First" was one of the season's productions in New York.

The New York University Press has issued a catalogue of books on business which, while not attempting to give a complete bibliography, seeks to list the best books for the student of modern business conditions.

Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché" and "The Writing on the Wall" (Century), was among those wounded recently at the front in France. It was not until he and his companions had gone through four lines of German trenches that he fell.

Thorstein Veblen, professor of political economy at the University of Missouri and occasional contributor to THE DIAL, has written a book entitled "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation," which will be published shortly by the Macmillan Company.

Longmans, Green, & Company announce the publication of "The Museum: A Manual of the Housing and Care of Art Collections," by Margaret Talbot Jackson. The author spent several years in the study of European museums and has been engaged in active museum work in this country.

Almost coincidentally with the publication of the final volume of "The Cyclopaedia of Horticulture," Messrs. Macmillan announce the reprinting of the entire series. It is also announced that the third



volume of Mrs. Constance Garnett's series of new translations of Chekov's works, "The Lady with the Dog," is soon to be published.

The H. W. Wilson Company have just published "The Children's Library," by Mrs. Sophie W. Powell. The book is addressed to students of educational methods whether in library schools, normal schools, or in active educational work.

Through an error in announcing the publication "Unfair Competition" (University of Chicago Press), the author's name was omitted in a recent notice in this department. The book is by W. H. S. Stevens, sometime Professor of Business Administration in Tulane University, and editor of "Industrial Combinations and Trusts."

Among early publications announced by Robert M. McBride & Company are: "Forced to Fight," by Erich Erichsen, a record of the experiences of a young Dane who was forced into the German army early in the war; "A Nurse at the War," by Grace McDougall; "The Hand of Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer; and "Towards a Sane Feminism," by Wilma Meikle.

King David is the central figure of what is said to be a "stirring novel of adventure and incident." The tale is by Captain Charles Hudson and will be called "The Royal Outlaw." Messrs. E. P. Dutton are the publishers. A new novel by St. John Lucas, "April Folly," and "A Naturalist in Borneo," by Robert S. C. Shelford, are also to be published shortly.

A new novel by Maria Thompson Daviess, entitled "Out of a Clear Sky," is announced for immediate publication by Harper and Brothers. It is further announced that reprintings have just been completed of the following: "The Albany Depot," by William Dean Howells; "The Worst of Man" and "Coffee and Repartee," by John Kendrick Bangs, and "Forty Modern Fables," by George Ade.

Four of the papers read at the December meeting of the American Historical Association by Charles Downer Hazen, William Roseco Thayer, Robert Howard Lord, and Archibald Cary Coolidge, discussing former treaties in the light of the present war, have been collected under the title "Three Peace Congresses of the Nineteenth Century and Claimants to Constantinople" and have recently been published by the Harvard University Press.

Exceptional interest attaches to the announcement by G. P. Putnam's Sons of a new story by F. W. Bain, author of "A Digit of the Moon." The new tale is entitled "The Livery of Eve" and will be published early this month. They also announce a volume by John R. McMahon, dealing with the practical problems of suburban life, entitled "Success in the Suburbs." Additional publications for May include: "Love and Laughter," a volume of verse by Caroline E. Prentiss, author of "Sunshine and Shadow"; "The Way to Study Birds," by John Dryden Kuser; "Growth in Silence," by Susanna Cocroft; and "The Gun Brand," a story of the Northwest by James B. Hendryx, author of "The Promise."

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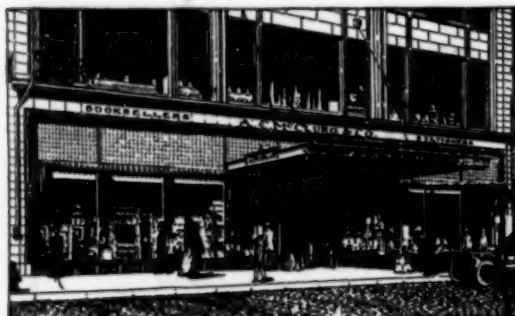
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### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 104 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Recollections of a Rebel Reefer. By James Morris Morgan. Illustrated, 8vo, 491 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.

Lloyd George. The man and his story. By Frank Dinnot. With frontispiece, 12mo, 196 pages. Harper & Brothers.

A Character Sketch of General The Hon. J. C. Smuts. By N. Levi. Illustrated, 16mo, 316 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.

Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868-1885. By Lord George Hamilton. 10mo, 344 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.

Gaiuska Pennypacker. 10mo, 11 pages. Paper. Philadelphia. Christopher Sower Co.

I, Mary MacLane. By Mary MacLane. With frontispiece, 12mo, 317 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40.

#### ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Figures of Several Centuries. By Arthur Symonds. 10mo, 398 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

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Misinforming a Nation. By Willard Huntington Wright. 12mo, 222 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.

French Criticism of American Literature Before 1850. By Harold Elmer Mantz. 10mo, 166 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

Six Major Prophets. By Edwin E. Slosson. Illustrated. 12mo, 310 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

**George Edward Woodberry.** A study of his poetry. By Louis V. Ledoux. With frontispiece. 12mo, 72 pages. The Poetry Review Co., Cambridge, Mass. \$1.

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**The Book of Common Joys.** By Mary L. Pendered. 12mo, 269 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

**The Sanskrit Poems of Mayura.** Edited and translated by George Fayn Quackenbos. Columbia University Indo-Iranian Series. Volume 9. 8vo, 362 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

**The Mystic Vision in the Grail Legend and in the Divine Comedy.** By Lisette Andrews Fisher. Illustrated, 10mo, 148 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

**The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes.** Translated from the Spanish by Louis How. 12mo, 150 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

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